The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 188. WEEK ENDING JUNE 8TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.

EPSOM AND THE DERBY.

The Derby, of course, is the talk of the week in the sporting world and Epsom a much-thought-of place. The photograph shows the grand-stand side of the famous racecourse.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holburn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

Dress coat and waistcoat, lining worn, chest 39in. first class tailor, 1 guinea. —Box 9,041, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain; gentleman's blue serge lounge suit nearly new, very stylish, cost 63s., price 20s.; also stylish mixture lounge coat and vest, nearly new, cost 42s., price 15s.: fit 37in. chest, 5ft. 8in. figure.—Box 9,042, "The Modern Man," 92, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Frock coat and waistcoat, worn twice, first class West End tailor, chest 41in., length 41in., cost 7gs.; will take 4gs.—Box 9,043, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, carpet cricket bag, with leather ends, good condition, cheap; approval.—H. Gregory, Woodburn, Ben Rhydding, Yorkshire.

2s. 6d. for 6d.! Invaluable when travelling, in camp, etc. Clearance line of silver-plated Collapsible Drinking Cups, in handsome leather cases (2in. by ½in); fit waistcoat pocket easily. Only 70 left; 6d. post free.—C. Stone and Co., 67, Sydenham Road, London, S.E.

Cyclists' friend makes your cycle puncture-proof; enormous success; 1s. 1d. (League member).—E. Jaques, 66, Rendell Road, Leicester.

Meredith-Cleare Extensor exerciser as new, with charts, 7s.—Box 9,044, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted trout rod, complete, by good maker, cheap.—Box 9,045, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Wanted, three-quarter size billiard table, with accessories, must be in good condition; state full particulars and lowest price.—Box 9,046, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Motor boat, 16ft. my 4ft. 6in., mahogany, 4 h.p., almost new; what offers.—Box 9,047, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Bargain gentleman's £14 14s. high grade Armstrong, 3 speed, Dunlop tyres, Westwood plated rims, Brooks' saddle, oil bath gearcase, accessories, and Lucas lamp, everything up to date, equal new, ridden only a few miles, accept £5 7s. 6d.—Box 9,051, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted to exchange, tennis net and posts, in good condition, for complete croquet set.—Box 9,052, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Complete tennis outfit for sale, in new condition, bargain, 50s.—Box 9,053, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1006.

For increase of height don't fail to read Arthur Girvan's announcement on page 1006.

MEDICAL, &c.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The finest Tonic ever known for Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders, Indigestion, Headache, etc. Recommended by leading physicians and athletes. Send 1s. P.O. for recipe to Home Recipe, c/o Box 6031, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street. London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Valuable Recipes; Marvel Moustache Grower, never fails; Tooth Powder, best out; 7d. each.—Holden, 31, George Street, Weston-super-Mare.

Guaranteed Corn Cure; will remove a corn in seven days without pain, soreness or inconvenience. The recipe of this inexpensive cure for 1s. P.O. and stamped addressed envelope.—Box 9040, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1012.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free. —Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 6d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

FREE, 7s. 6d. Safety Razor, with extra blades, absolutely free to all sending P.O. 1s. 6d. (3d. extra for postage and packing) for one of our marvellous 3s. 6d. Pocket-knives, English oxydised steel handles, best make; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4670, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1012.

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The Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

Even a convinced—and convicted—suffragette does not always manifest her asserted equality with the mere male. That little feminine weakness in regard to age may still be hers. Mrs. Pankhurst, at any rate, has not risen superior to it. She refused, at her trial, to say how old she was. How very like a woman! And the sex will never improve in this respect, even though they get the vote ten times over. What a farce it all is—this asserted equality with man, in those matters where man is unquestionably superior.

* * *

An Unreasonable Creature.

They may get the vote eventually; they may even swamp the votes of men, and obtain a preponderating influence in the making of laws. If they do, we may be pretty certain that one of the first legislative modifications they will secure will be to the effect that, in no circumstances whatsoever shall it be lawful to require a woman to divulge her age. You can put your money on that and win hands down.

* * *

The suffragette is the most inconsistent and unreasonable creature on the crust of this sublunary sphere. Woman is man's superior in many respects, and man is woman's in an equal number. The balance is thus fairly struck by Nature between the sexes. But the suffragette wants to retain all the excellences of her own, and acquire also those of the other. And this is her idea of equality!

* * *

The Turn of the Worm.

The worm, as she apparently considers the male specimen of the *genus homo* to be, is already beginning to turn. It was during the strap-hanging days of the coal strike that a man in a crowded tram-car looked up from his paper at a high-stepper in petticoats who had just entered and stood swaying about in front of him. "Are you a suffragette, miss?" he asked abruptly. Without pausing to consider whether the question was an impertinence or not, she answered at once, in a challenging tone of defiance, "Yes, I am." "You believe in the equality of the sexes?" "Yes, in all things." "Very well," he commented; "if you had been a man, I should not have dreamed of offering you my seat. And as you claim to be equal to one, in physical endurance and stoical indifference to discomfort, I shall retain it." And he went back to his paper, while everyone else tittered—except the suffragette.

* * *

And that is what it is coming to. If woman is going to persist that she is man's equal in those things in which Nature has made her his inferior, and that, therefore, no special deference is due to her from him, any more than it is due to his fellow man, he is going to take her at her word and treat her accordingly.

* * *

Window Smashers Please Note.

Meantime, Mrs. Pankhurst, with her co-conspirators, Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, has gone into retirement. Nine months in prison may seem an unduly harsh sentence, especially in the case of women of culture and refinement. It must not be forgotten, however, that it was within the judge's competence to have passed a much heavier sentence upon them, a sentence which doubtless will be passed on others, should the fate of the Pankhurst trio fail to act as a deterrent. Let intending suffragist law—and window-breakers take note.

* * *

Mrs. Force, mother of the youthful Mrs. John Jacob Astor, widowed by the "Titanic" disaster, is doubtless right in saying the very colour of black is depressing, and that white seems to her to be far more appropriate for so young a girl as her daughter. But isn't it just a trifle absurd to call it mourning? It is by no mere convention that the mourning hue is held by general consent to be black. Of all hues it is the one which most naturally lends itself to the expression of loss and calamity; whereas white, as its very antithesis, is properly expressive only of joy, and light, and life.

* * *

"Cruelty of the Cattle Trade."

Chacun à son goût. The menu at the inauguration dinner of this year's Vegetarian Conference included walnut cutlets, asparagus on toast, and *spaghetti au gratin*, with tomato farcie and young carrots. If there's anyone who really prefers such things to cutlets made of mutton, and steaks that once formed part of a bovine quadruped, well and good. As already observed, each to his taste. My own palate has a decided preference for combination between the two kinds of edibles.

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It is within the bounds of possibility, of course, that one day I may be converted to vegetarianism. But I don't think my conversion would in any way resemble that of Sir George Kekewich. According to his own statement at the Vegetarian Conference dinner, what made him abjure meat was the cruelty of the cattle trade, about which he knew nothing until he was asked to speak on the matter by the secretary of the London Vegetarian Association. He got up the subject from text-books, and converted himself by his own speech—a confession which, for some cryptic reason or another, evoked uproarious laughter. Surely it is a little singular, to say the least of it, that a non-vegetarian should be invited to lecture on vegetarianism in the character of a vegetarian.

* * *

Clergyman and His Wealth.

It is not easy to understand why a clergyman should amass, or at any rate possess, considerable wealth during his lifetime, especially if he has no children to whom to bequeath it, which apparently was the case with the late Rev. E. H. Boardman, who left £147,122. His money, however, will be put to a very good use, partly now and in part eventually: which is more than can be said of all clerical fortunes. His bequests include £1,000 for a Christmas fund for five old men and five old women, and sums of £500 to several societies, while the residue of his estate is to be divided, after his wife's death, among ten charitable institutions. May he rest in peace!

* * *

Not a Consumer of "Woodbines."

"Mr. Francis said it was about the worse case of robbery from the stores he had heard of." So ends a report of the magisterial inquiry into extensive robberies from the Army and Navy Stores, by a young assistant who had been employed there for eighteen months. A solicitor for the prisoner said he had borne the highest character, and was a young married man with no extravagant tastes, a teetotaller and non-smoker. But supposing he had been a consumer of "woodbines" and accustomed to an occasional Polly-and-Scotch—what an outcry there would have been in certain quarters! Eh, what!

Outward and visible signs of religious profession do not always indicate a high ethical standard. Although a girl of eighteen, wore Salvation Army clothing and looked very demure, she was guilty of stealing china worth £640 13s. 6d. Whether she would have appropriated it had she known its value, cannot be said. Perhaps she would, maybe she wouldn't. Possibly the amount would have awed and frightened her—made her feel sure that detection would follow, and so have deterred her from taking it.

* * *

Sold a Part for 10s.

But apparently she did *not* know its value, for she sold part of it, worth £289, to a pawnbroker's assistant for ten shillings! And even he, it would seem, did not realise the full value, for he re-sold his acquisition for only £85. It is very clear, however, that he was well aware of its being worth vastly more than the ten shillings he gave for it. What, then, is to be thought of the figure he cuts in the matter?

* * *

"In the interests of justice," said Mr. Wallace, K.C., before whom the case was tried at the London Sessions, "the authorities ought to prosecute this person who bought this valuable property for ten shillings, and who afterwards re-sold it for £85. He may have his defence, and I am not going to prejudge it, but, in my opinion, it is a case in which the authorities ought to prosecute, and put an end to this sort of thing, because men like this, who offer facilities to unfortunate people stealing from their masters, create our thieves." A dictum in which *Modern Man* heartily concurs.

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Superfluous Questions in Parliament.

Sir Robert Perks is a cheerful sort of person. At a meet- of the Central Sunday Closing Association a week or so back, he declared that no period of his life was so fruitlessly spent, no time so absolutely wasted, as the twenty years he had passed in the House of Commons. There was so much talk, he added, so many superfluous questions and answers, and so much unnecessary handling year after year of the same problems, that very little was accomplished compared with the enormous amount of labour expended.

* * *

Well, when one takes a retrospective survey of the twenty years of Sir Robert's parliamentary life, the "very little" that has been effected legislatively on the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number," strikes one as being well worth all the talk that produced it. Indeed, one cannot help thinking that, even if the "superfluous" questions and answers had been ten times as numerous, and the "unnecessary" re-handling of problems ten times as great, those same results would have been by no means inadequate. If Sir Robert's time in Parliament has been absolutely wasted, as he avows, that is a pretty clear admission that he himself has done nothing to bring about any of the valuable legislative reforms of the past two decades.

* * *

Reason for Dismal Talk.

The fact is, Sir Robert is a faddist, who imagines his fads to be of infinitely greater importance than any of the practical measures which have been carried during his parliamentary career. He has succeeded in making little or no headway with them, and hence his dismal talk about wasted years. His measure can be taken from his saying that, when we have men spending, as many of our political leaders do, their Sundays on the golf course, we cannot expect to get from them much support for closing public houses on the "Sawbath."

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Duke and His Motor Scorching.

The law is not a respecter of persons—or, at any rate, is supposed not to be. Certain it is that even a duke cannot break it with impunity. His Grace of Westminster was summoned the other day for driving his motor-car at an excessive speed, and was fined thirty shillings. So far, so good. But he was not required to put in a personal appearance when the case was heard, and to a man of his enormous wealth thirty pieces of silver are a mere fleabite. He could pay a fine of those dimensions every day, to the end of his life, and be practically none the worse off. A wealthy man is not likely to be deterred by fines from motor "scorching." Insist, however, upon his answering the charge in person, and he will speedily mend his ways.

* * *

Eh, what's this? "Paris, Wednesday.—Carpentier beat Lewis on points, after a stiff fight.—Reuter." Who will say, after that, that Frenchmen can't box?

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The Misery from Strikes.

Strikes are all very well in their way—some of them. If tailors, or hatters, or laundry-women temporarily suspend operations, we can manage to put up with the resulting inconveniences with a tolerable approach to equanimity. But when it's a matter of food or fuel, things are a little more serious. The strikers then inflict misery and suffering not only on their own families, but upon hundreds of thousands of other poor people as well. Verily we live in troublous times. To the Litany might well be added the petition: "From strikes and strikers and all their woeful ways, good Lord deliver us!"

* * *

Germany appears bent upon doing her level best to become mistress of that portion of Neptune's realm which lies between herself and Great Britain. But she might just as well desist, and be content with the fleet she already possesses. We've got the lead, and we mean to retain it. We shall keep our pre-eminence in the North Sea without weakening our fleet in any other part of the globe. We have no desire to be aggressive, but for our own security in our own island home it is essential that Britannia continue to rule the waves. And she will!

* * *

A Judge and a Side Pocket.

Do County Court judges always adopt the best means of deciding cases brought before them? Anyhow, it seems that only by an accident did a plaintiff obtain justice at Whitechapel the other day. He was suing to recover on a made-to-order coat that did not fit him, but apparently had not convinced the judge of the soundness of his claim. As he was leaving the witness-box, however, his honour asked: "What is that pocket at the back?" "That isn't a back pocket," answered plaintiff aggrievedly, "it's a side pocket, but it won't come any further round to the side than where it is" Such indisputable evidence settled the case at once, and an order for a new coat to be provided was the immediate result. But it is doubtful whether it would have been so, had not the judge caught an accidental glimpse of that erratic side pocket.

* * *

Anglo-German Tennis Matches.

No real sportsman loses his temper over the defeat of his own side; but a certain amount of regret is justified on the part of Englishmen at the news that Anglo-German tennis matches in Berlin have resulted in eleven Germans and only one English victory. This will be all the more the case as the Britons included Messrs. Gore, Lowe, Hillyard, Powell, and Stoward. We are not making excuses; but when, oh when, will English sportsmen condescend to take foreign encounters as seriously as they do fixtures at home? So far, they seem to regard engagements abroad as opportunities for having an enjoyable time.

* * *

It may not be a matter of any great moment, but surely it is not impossible to effect some improvement in stamp perforation. Ever since the portrait of our present King has appeared in connection with postage revenue, there has been cause for complaint. The perforation sometimes even eats into the design of the stamp itself, leaving a considerable excess of white at the opposite side. In no one instance can I recollect having seen a George V. stamp properly "centred." Should not the Postmaster General devote his attention to little matters of this kind, as well as to prospective postal "tubes"?

* * *

Two Months for a Governess.

There is something pitiful in the fact that a well-educated, well-connected woman should descend so low as to victimise a servant girl to the extent of a florin, rather than appeal to

her friends, because she had been out of employment for eighteen months. This is what was done by a governess who, giving the admittedly false name of Mary Brown, was sentenced to two months' hard labour a few days ago. Such a sentence in such a case seems excessively severe. Had the fact of her refusal to disclose her identity anything to do with its severity? Presumably it had, though for the life of me I cannot see why. And anyhow, the magistrate was pretty safe in passing whatever sentence he deemed adequate; for it was not likely the prisoner would appeal. Her doing so might lead to the discovery of the secret she thus far had kept so successfully. Still, it doesn't seem altogether right to have taken advantage of that fact to impose so heavy a penalty upon her.

* * *

Philanthrophy and an "Expedition."

True philanthropy gains hearty appreciation from us, just as much as from anyone else; but we must confess to a distinct dislike for the altruist who has an eye on advertisement. It is in this connection that men of the world cannot fail to see a certain unpleasantness in the noisy fanfares which an illustrated morning paper is blowing on its own trumpet over its "expedition" in relief of the distress on the island of St. Kilda.

* * *

The proprietors of the paper in question chartered a Glasgow tug, and then approached various firms of provision merchants and others, with an invitation that they should assist, too; and these gave their hearty support. Whether or not they did this with a view to the fulsome publicity which they afterwards duly obtained in the paper, may be safely left to the judgment of men who have brains to think with.

* * *

While we have no doubt that the "expedition" did good services, it strikes us very forcibly that the journalistic dispensers of charity have not forgotten that the latter is said to begin at home. Anyhow, they did not neglect to send, along with the doubtless very welcome provender, an experienced writer of eulogistic "copy," and one or more equally valuable photographers! An appropriate phrase (for presumably there were sundry pots of preserves in the cargo) might be *jam satis*.

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Tired of the "Titanic" Enquiry.

Lament of the Reading Public to the Newspaper Press:—Oh, please, we *are* so tired of the "Titanic" Enquiry!"

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When all is said and done, what real good is likely to result from the Enquiry? So far, it seems to have taken the sole form of examinations bearing plainly suggested reflections on the courage of the various witnesses or of notable persons who were among the survivors. These are badgered with questions as to why they did, or did not, do this or that; and these same questions gain widespread publicity and doubtless give rise to all sorts of wrong impressions in the minds of a public which does not understand the facts of the case—for the very excellent reason that they were not on the scene at the time of the disaster.

* * *

A very great number of lives, alas! were lost; but that is no reason why the survivors should be subjected to what practically amounts to indignity, just because they were the ones whom fortune chose to save. Let the learned counsel and others in conduct of the Enquiry ask themselves, really searchingly, how *they* would have acted if one of the most terrible of all deaths had stared *them* in the face.

ENCYCLOPAEDIA EXTRACTS.

Man—A two-legged animal that spends most of his time trying to get something to put into his mouth.

Woman—Impossible to classify. Habitat: Bridge parties, theatres and cafes. Occupation: Wearing the least possible amount of the best possible clothes.

Babies—Necessary evils found everywhere except in certain flats, and much more numerous in hovels than in mansions.

HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER.

AN OLD SCHOOL CHUM'S CRUSHING EXPERIENCE.

"Jones, go and get your hair cut."

The order was given in short and clipping tones.

Then Corporal Smithe looked round the room.

"Jones, clean up the room."

"Oh, bother you," said Jones. "I can't do both things at once, can I? I'll go and get my hair clipped first."

"No, do the room first."

"But you told me to go and get my hair cut before you told me to do the room."

"Never mind what I said before," said Corporal Smithe. "I tell you now that you've got to clean up the room, and it's your business to obey."

What the Private Said.

Jones was on his way through the door. Smithe was his Corporal, of course, but he had only been his Corporal for a fortnight, and the two had been boys at school together, came from the same village, and had been bosom friends in the ranks till Smithe got his stripes.

"Don't be a silly ass," said Jones.

Smithe got white with rage.

"Say that again! Say that again!" he stuttered, clenching his fists until the nails pierced the skin.

And Jones said it again. He said it again several times, and embroidered lovingly on the theme. Three weeks ago a rough-and-tumble scuffle would have followed, and after a little friendly punching and kicking the two would have gone to the canteen together and divided a pot of beer.

But to-day he was reported for insubordination to a superior and awarded two days' C.B. When a crime of this sort is put on the Punishment Sheet it has a way of growing as it meets the eye of each superior officer, and it was not long before Jones's two days' C.B. became 28 days' cells.

He had been four days in his cell, and, cold though the cell was—for the sun never got in there—Jones was hot with rage. "Twenty-eight days' cells," he thought to himself, "for having said to Smithe what he had said a hundred times before. Twenty-eight days' cells and his next leave stopped, of course."

Threw Away His Soup.

Jones bit his finger-nails and kicked viciously at the little bench which was cemented into the cell floor. "Ah!" he said to himself furiously, "if I had that ass Smithe here now ——" and at that moment five o'clock chimed from the barrack clock. The door of the cell opened, and Corporal Smithe came in with a soldier carrying the prisoner's evening meal—a tin pot of soup with a bit of meat in it and a hunk of bread laid across the top.

The Corporal's arrival at that moment seemed like a direct answer from above to Jones's prayer. He never stopped to think. He rushed at the soldier carrying the food, and dashed the hot soup and the tin pot after it into the face of Corporal Smithe. "Get out of this, you brute," he shouted, "or I won't answer for myself."

The Corporal turned on his heel and called the Sergeant of the Guard. Strictly, that was his right, of course—perhaps even his duty. Perhaps, though, if he had been a more intelligent or a better man he might have understood the provocation, and let the matter rest. A report had to be made to the authorities, and Jones appeared before a district court-martial, presided over by a Colonel.

He denied nothing. He tried to explain, and he expressed his regret.

Discharged with Ignominy.

"Yes," said the President, "we will be merciful." And, to the stupefaction of the prisoner and that of all in court who were not soldiers, the sentence was six months' imprisonment and discharge from the Service.

This is a true story, and only happened a short time ago.

The last time Jones was heard of he was in a pitiful condition, and he will find it difficult to get work of any kind, for people nowadays are loth to listen to an explanation when a man's papers (which he must show when asking for employment) bear the words "Discharged with Ignominy."

Jones may starve—or he may become a real criminal one day.

"GIT ON OR GIT AHT."

HUMOROUS STORY BY ROY VICKERS.

"Tork about drink breaking up the 'appy 'ome," said the man with the red nose, pompously, "I tell yer, drink 'aint in it with ideers nowadays."

"Ideas?" I echoed, unintelligently.

"Yes," replied the other emphatically. "Take the case of poor Bill 'Awkins. There weren't a better man than Bill afore 'e took to gettin' ideers. Nice 'ome he had—smart lookin' missis an' a couple of well-kept kids, with forty bob a week comin' in reg'lar, to say nothing of overtime. And now if you want to pass the time o' day with Bill you 'ave to fill up a form with 'Board of Guardians' printed across the top of it.

"It all came of Bill spottin' a noo way of 'andling the goods at the workshop, wot would help him to get through 'is work quicker. The boss was middlin' pleased, seein' as it saved a tidy bit of time. 'Awkins,' 'e sez, 'I am pleased to see as you uses your 'ead as well as your 'ands in the interests of the firm,' 'e says. 'You'll find an extra two pounds in your pay envelope come Saturday,' 'e says.

"That two quid was the ruin of Bill. Seems as if it struck him all of a heap that he'd missed his vocation. Instead of laying it out down at the 'Orse an' 'Ounds, same as he used to, he told us solemnlike one night as he was goin' to invest it.

"'That's the spirit I like to see,' began Whimples, the 'air-dresser wot touts for a bookie in 'is spare time. 'Now, if you want to turn your two quid into a pony ——'

"'You don't take my meanin',' sez Bill, drawin' 'isself up stiffly. 'I mean to invest this 'ere—wot's the product o' my brain in ——'—Bill 'esitated, then gulped it out—'in books,' 'e sez.

"We didn't say nothin' then, thinkin' as 'ow Bill's luck 'ad upset his mind for the time bein', though two quid ain't much to drive a chap off his onion. But Jim Jarrett, who works along o' Bill, soon found that there was what you might call a sort of method in 'is madness.

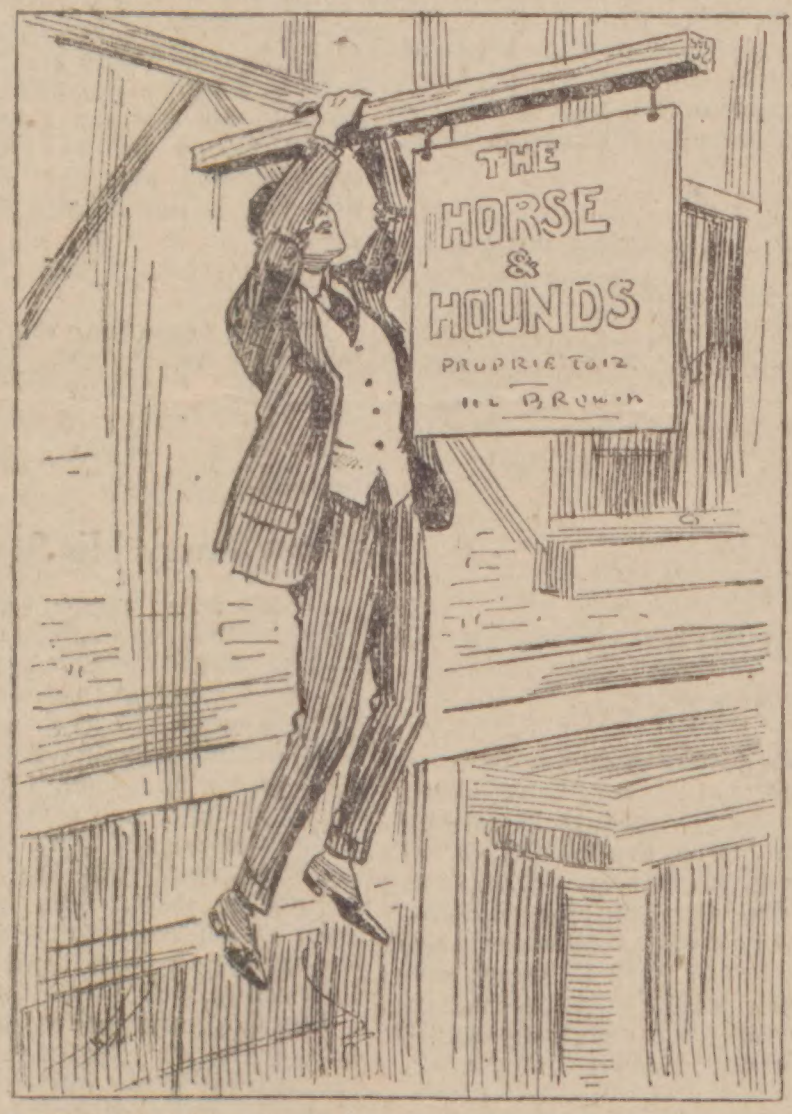
"In spite of a deppitation to 'is missis, 'eaded by Whimples, to see if nothing couldn't be done to save poor Bill from 'isself, that two quid was busted in buying books on business and 'ow to get on, and such like. At the end of a fortnight there was only a few shillings left, which Bill blewed on ornymental texts—only 'stead of 'Love One Another,' they was labelled 'Do It Better,' or something about gettin' there afore the other chap.

"There was duplicates of the 'Do It Better' one, so Bill gives one to Sam, who weighs fifteen stone and sings bass in the choir, it bein' his birthday. But they nearly came to blows 'coz Sam, bein' sensitive about 'is singing, took it to be personal.'

"The result of all this book studyin' was that Bill soon began to 'ave a lot more ideers. He used to 'ang about after hours and wait for the boss.

"'Can I speak to you for 'arf a minute, sir?' 'e sez mysterious like. And the boss was all smiles, an' back they'd go to 'is orfice an' Bill would unfold 'is schemes.

"But 'e didn't seem to 'ave no luck after the first go orf. At first the boss, feelin' as 'ow a man of Bill's originality ought to be encouraged, would make some perlite hexcuse for not takin' his idea.



"Bill dangled from the signboard sticking out from the 'ouse."

"Now one o' Bill's ornymental texts made great guns of keepin' on trying. So Bill just smiled when his mates asked how he got on with the boss, an' told 'em as he wasn't the man to give in the first time nor the second neither—not by a long shot.

"They used to chaff 'im, only he didn't know it. 'Got any ideers to-day, Bill?' they'd ask. An' when he 'ad—which was mostly—they all used to hang round an' watch 'im tackle the boss.

"The ideers 'e used to get was something wonderful, only some'ow they didn't seem to 'ave no bearin' on Bill's work, but was more took up with 'ow to do without 'arf the clerks in the countin' house.'

"The boss took to leaving early so as to get out o' Bill's way and avoid 'urting his feelings. But after a bit Bill started goin' up to him in working hours, mumblin' somethin' about the 'int'rests of the firm.'

"One day the boss took 'im up sharp, sayin' as the int'rests of the firm would be better served if the men was to do the work they was paid for, instead of wastin' 'is time and theirs over things they didn't understand.

"That kept 'im quiet for a week or two; an' it might have stopped there, only meantime he had been reading 'ow necessary it was to be pushful, and 'ow employers really liked men who kept on assertin' themselves, purvided only it was done tactful.

"Bill wasn't quite sure about the tactful part of the business, and he hadn't studied the subject. But after a bit 'e decided to chance it, specially as he'd got wot looked like a first-class ideer.

"Bill's ideer was a dodge for adding up the books in a noo way so as to get rid of the 'ead of the countin' house, which 'appened to be the boss's own son. But instead of gettin' rid of 'is son, the boss decided to get rid of Bill.

"Gettin' the sack only seemed to make 'im worse. Instead of coolin' off, the ideers came faster than ever. He would try to get another job, which he might easily 'ave done, there bein' nothin' against him, only 'is ideers.

"He seemed to think that 'is gettin' the sack was partly on account of not 'avin' rightly understood 'ow to be tactful, an' partly because the boss was jealous of 'is originality. So nothing would content 'im but that he should set up in bizness on 'is own.'

"He had a few pounds put by, but that weren't enough to start even in a small way with the 'ardware store as 'e 'ad in mind. So he whips round amongst his mates with a bran new ideer about formin' what he called a Limited Comp'ny.'

"He explained to them 'ow they put up a few quid each an' then when the shares rose they was goin' to sell 'em for much more than they paid, to say nothin' of the int'rest they was goin' to draw while the shares was busy rising.

"When Whimple asked 'ow they would know when the shares 'ad started risin', an' where was the mugs as would buy 'em for more than they was worth, 'e simply gave Whimple the paper an' told 'im to read the finan-shul column.

"That kept Whimple quiet for the rest of the evenin'. An' the others was quite content to stand in, seein' as 'ow

Bill had always been a good sort, an' they was sorry for his missis. Besides, the share'olders, as he called 'em, was goin' to get everything at cost price.

"The first shock came when they found where Bill 'ad fixed on for 'is shop.

"Instead of goin' to a quiet part of the town where 'e might 'ave 'ad a few streets all to 'isself, blessed if he hadn't gone an' planked down bang opposite the Stores.

"It was too late to make a fuss, for he'd signed the lease and paid a chap to paint ''Awkins and Co., Limited,' over the front winder.

"It seems that gettin' alongside 'is strongest rival was one of Bill's ideers. For when the Comp'ny called an ex-tr'ord'nry meetin', as they say, down at the 'Orse 'an' 'Ounds, Bill turns up smiling an' explains 'isself.

"'Did you fellers reely think,' 'e sez impressive-like, 'as I was goin' to be a mere unpergressive retailer all my life,' 'e sez. ''Ow long do you think you'd have had to wait afore you'd get your money back on them shares?'

"The long an' short of it was that Bill 'ad been readin' 'ow them Trusts buys up their rivals if they can't smash 'em, an' he reckoned that before three months was out the Stores would be glad to buy him out for a couple of thousand quid or more, which, as Bill pointed out, wasn't more'n a postage stamp to them.

"They didn't seem to catch on at first. Only when Bill took a pencil an' worked 'ow much each was going to get out of the two thousand quid, they passed a vote o' confidence —an' Bill, as managing direketer, called for drinks round at the expense of the firm Comp'ny.

"By the time Bill was through with the printing—Bill was great on printing, as it give 'im a chance to use some of the ideers wot 'is boss wouldn't 'ave—there was only a matter of fifteen pound ten left to buy stock with.

"Owever, he managed to get thirty or forty pounds credit from a wholesale firm on condition that 'e took three gross of dustpans which the firm couldn't get rid of.

The Comp'ny 'eld an extraordinary meeting every night to keep an eye on Bill an' see whether their shares was risin'. After they'd met every night for a week, Bill was called on to make 'is report—which was a matter of fifteen bob for one week's trading.

"Wimples suggested 'avin' a hinterim dividend, an' as the others was thirsty, too, they out-voted Bill an' made him take 'is share along with the rest.

"Trade was just beginning to brighten up a bit towards the end of the third week when Bill got another ideer.

"Tell you wot,' 'e sez, 'It's no good sittin' still an' waitin' for trade to drop in your lap. You've got to strike a noo line,' 'e sez. 'You've got to fight competition; an' you've got to git on or git aht,' 'e sez.

"After Whimples 'ad interrupted by asking why Bill kept lookin' at 'im, an' what he was 'inting at about getting out afore the shares 'ad risen, Bill went on to explain that he'd got an ideer for pushing the business.

"Seems he'd been reading in one of these weekly papers an article on 'Odd Advertisements,' or such like, tellin' of queer dodges as had been used to draw the public over in America.

"Bill 'ad chosen one in which a chap pretends to chuck 'iself out of a top storey winder an' is saved just in time. A crowd collects, and then the chap tells 'em as he won't commit suicide after all, coz e's found he's got a special line of goods what is going to make 'is fortune.

"After a lot more talk from Bill about 'avin' to 'ustle, an' after reckoning that the Stores 'ud be glad to pay three thousand instead of two when they saw what a smart rival they'd got, the Board adopted 'is resolushun.

"Bill 'ad to 'ave a confederate to do the job properly, so the Comp'ny tossed 'odd man out' as to who should take it on, an' Whimples lost.

"They waited till the dinner hour so as there'd be plenty of people about. Then Bill started making an awful clatter, went out of the winder in mistake, and dangled from a sign board sticking out of the 'ouse. Cops run 'im in for attempted suicide.

"It weren't no manner o' good Bill tellin' the Beak as it was only one o' 'is ideers, coz 'is life was reely in danger till the cops came and rescued 'im from 'anging there.

"Bill's solicitor put an end to the shop for good an' all by tellin' the tale as to 'ow Bill was made desprit through not being able to make no 'eadway against competition.

"Bill was let off after he'd sed 'e was sorry an' wouldn't do it again.

"Take my word for it," finished my informant, "'ustling ain't no good for plain folks. Now if Bill 'adn't given way to ideers an' 'ad stuck to 'is beer ——"

"Which reminds me," I interrupted. "Have another."

THE PICK OF A BUNCH.

SOME FUNNY FARE FROM HERE AND THERE.

There was a look of commiseration on the face of the new curate as he looked round the room, which was hardly noticeable for its cleanliness nor for the sumptousness of its fittings.

"If you're thinkin' this 'ere is my 'usband's fault you're drinkin' out o' the wrong pewter, as you might say," remarked the lady of the house, "'cos 'e's as conscientious a man about 'is work as you'd meet anywhere."

"I'm delighted to hear it," returned the reverend gentleman, once more glancing dubiously at the table and one rickety chair which constituted the furniture suite. "I should like a word with him; is he in the house?"

"Not in this 'ouse, 'e ain't," replied the lady, somewhat ungraciously; "'e's workin' 'ard gettin' ready for a temperance meetin'. 'E's workin' for temperance five nights out o' six."

"Noble cause," enthused the curate.

"I 'spose it is," the lady sighed. "My 'usband don't speak, you know; *e's the 'orrible example*!"

Bragger and His Motor-Boat.

After having been a faithful devotee of the motor habit for two years or more, Mr. Bragger was suddenly seized with a violent fancy for motor-boats. So he bought one, took a day's instruction in the art of managing it, and keeping the machinery in running order, started out on his first trip.

It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in by the back way. His clothes were water-soaked, and he had a generally limp and bedraggled appearance.

"For pity's sake, Alfred!" exclaimed his wife, "what has happened to you? Did the boat upset?"

"No, Lucy," he answered, "the boat's all right, but when I'd been out on the water an hour or two something went wrong with the motor."

"Well?"

"Well, before I—er—knew what I was doing I was over the side of the boat and trying to get under it to fix the blessed thing."

A Burglar's Appeal.

Timmerby woke up with a start, sat up in bed, and looked round, then from beneath his pillow he produced a revolver.

"Hands up!" he cried to the crouching man at the foot of the bed.

"Orlright, guv'nor," came a hoarse voice. 'It's a fair cop; don't fire."

Still covering Mr. Sikes with his weapon, Timmerby lit the gas. "What have you taken?" he asked.

The burglar nodded in the direction of a bundle. "Don't fire, guv'nor," he pleaded, "'unger drove me to it."

"Put those things back on the dressing table," ordered Timmerby.

"Yer won't fire, will yer, guv'nor?"

"Put those things back. That's right. Now open the top drawer."

"Don't shoot a poor starvin' man, guv'nor."

"In the left-hand corner you'll find a bundle of ties."

"Be careful with that there revolver," whispered the scared marauder.

"Ties a lady bought me; take them and go."

"Guv'nor," came from the burglar, "for 'eaven's sake, shoot!"

His Language Too Weak.

An Eastern Bishop decided to take up golf, and as he wished to begin practice where he was unknown he sought a public links instead of one of the many clubs which would have been joyously open to him. He provided himself with an outfit and a book of rules, hired a caddie at the links and proceeded to set up his ball for the first stroke. After the usual feinting and limbering process he gave a mighty lunge at the ball and went wildly over the top of it, leaving it reposing on the tee in imperturbable celluloid majesty.

"Tut! tut! tut!" exclaimed the Bishop in mild, clerical dismay. "Tut! tut! tut!"

Then he tried again, with yet more earnest and vigorous swings, and that time he ploughed a hole in the ground ten inches away from the ball. "Tut! tut! tut" he reiterated. "Tut! tut! tut!"

"Say mister," warned the caddie nonchalantly, without shifting his gum, "you'll never loin to plav golf wid dem woids."

RACING OFFICIALDOM.

FACTS ABOUT THE MEN WHO RUN A MEETING.

Most of the people who go to the races hardly give the officials a thought; and a great many are unaware of their existence; but if any one of them failed or made a blunder in his duties, the fact would not fail to become painfully evident very quickly.

The principal officials at a race meeting are these:—The Handicappers, the Judge, the Starter, the Clerk of the Scales, the Clerk of the Course, and the Stewards of the Meeting. A short account of the chief duties of each may be interesting.

Handicapper's Ungrateful Task.

To the handicapper falls the ungrateful task of deciding at some time shortly before the meeting, the respective weights which are to be carried by the horses entered for the different races. No handicapper has yet been known to earn the appreciation of all the owners of those horses; for every owner has an unshakable conviction that his horse has been heavily overweighted. But the system by which the "handicaps" are arrived at will show that the maximum of justice is invariably attained.

The past "form" of the horses is carefully studied privately by three handicappers, each of whom allots to each the weight which he thinks fit. The sporting triumvirate meet and compare notes, their careful deliberations resulting in a final handicap, which is duly forwarded for publication in the "Racing Calendar." If "book form" were a reliable criterion, this system of handicapping would be practically flawless; but despite the fact that the strict legislation of the Jockey Club has rendered deceptions in form by owners and trainers much rarer than used to be the case, there are nevertheless more than a few cases of it every season, even now. Speaking elementarily, an owner or trainer will conspire with a jockey so that a horse may give a poor exhibition, with the object of having him leniently handicapped in some future event for which the owner or trainer really intends him.

The Bad System of "Doping."

It is whispered that there has been a reversion quite lately to the bad system of "doping" horses which was rife some years ago, but which was stopped by the stern action of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The latter august body are supposed to have their eye on certain owners and trainers just now, in this regard, and interesting eventualities are expected this season.

For instance in a small two-year-old race last "back-end," a horse was easily beaten, and at the finish acted in a very strange manner as it was being led back to the paddock, throwing its legs about like a trick-horse in a circus.

A great many experts who saw it, were practically convinced that the animal had been "doped; and when it, later on, simply ran away with an important race for which it had been very lightly handicapped, their suspicions grew immeasurably stronger.

The duties of the Clerk of the Scales lie in the weighing-room. Here he weighs every jockey who is going to ride, just before the race in question, and makes a list of those who are going to start. This list is then hoisted, for the edification of the public, by the means of numbers, on a board on the course. The jockeys declare their weights and the Clerk of the Scales ascertains whether they draw the full poundage. This performance is known as "weighing out."

Unscrupulous Effort of a Jockey.

The "starting-gate" consists of two strips of webbing stretched between a pair of upright posts. The horses are ranged behind this webbing; and when the starter decides that they are as nearly as may be, in a line, he releases an electrical contrivance which causes the webbing to fly up; and the race is began.

Among other things the official starter must be a particularly masterful person; for when jockeys are manoeuvring so as to obtain a more favourable start than their rivals this quality is urgently called for to check their misdemeanour. Here is a true story of a famous starter, in this connection.

He was starting a big field for a valuable race, and had repeatedly to call the horses back owing to the unscrupulous efforts of a very popular jockey to obtain a flying start. The latter finally forgot himself sufficiently to grumble.

"If it goes on like this any longer, we may be off by the Doncaster September Meeting!" he said sarcastically in a mutter which was however clearly audible to the starter. "If you are not careful," said that official, very calmly but with much significance, "you may not be riding there." After that there was no more trouble.

After the Starter, the Judge looms largest in the public eye. He must be in his box when the horses pass the post, which practically always, especially in the case of five furlong dashes, means that he is there from the moment of the start. He takes a keen survey of the advancing horses through his glasses; but puts down the latter when the leaders reach the "distance," i.e., a furlong and a few yards from the post. Then he carefully notes the order in which the first three pass the imaginary line drawn from his box to the winning post on the other side of the course. He must be infallible in his knowledge of the owner's racing colours, for it is by these that he must recognise the identity of the horses.

Rarely Makes a Mistake.

The judge's box is so placed as to give him the greatest facilities in this respect of anybody on the course; and it is only extremely rare that he makes an error. It is said, though, that there have been cases when a horse, leading by lengths has flashed by right under the Judge's box, and the judge, not noticing it, has mistaken the second and third for the first and second respectively. Another good story is told of a judge—a gentleman whose real tastes lay in the direction of ecclestiastical architecture—who was asked to officiate as judge in an important race. The day was hot and under its influence he dozed in his box, as the field came rapidly closer. Luckily a policeman saw what was happening, and discreetly aroused the judge just in time to fulfil his duties.

In the case of objections for crossing, bumping, or foul riding of any kind, the Judge's verdict is obtained by the Stewards of the meeting.

Most Hard Worked Official.

Undoubtedly the most hardworked official is the Clerk of the Course. He is in charge of the "general arrangements" of the meeting, an airily extensive term which covers a host of harassing duties. He must see that the distances of the various races are correctly measured out and duly marked; but this is one of his simplest tasks, because the different marking posts have generally stood for a great many seasons. The production and publication of the cards of the different day's racing also falls to his lot. He has to engage all the officials, not forgetting that most important item, the provision of stewards. Herein lies his chief trouble. Very often the latter will give promises to officiate but will not turn up; in which case, the unfortunate Clerk of the Course has particularly anxious experiences finding substitutes at the eleventh hour.

A Ruinous Punishment.

Finally, a word about the Stewards. These are only too often local magnates, invited to take up their duties on account of their local importance, though they may know little or nothing of their real requirements. The number of Stewards must be at least two, who must principally enforce the observance of the Rules of Racing.

If an owner or jockey makes an accusation against any other rider in the race, for any kind of foul riding, the Stewards listen attentively to what the accuser has to say. Then they hear the other man's defence, question other jockeys in the race, and finally ask the Judge for his version. They then sustain the objection or dismiss it, according to their idea of the justice of the case. A jockey who is found guilty of a misdemeanour of this kind, may be suspended for the rest of the meeting and fined; or, if the offence is very grave it may be reported to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, for that august body to deal with. In such a case, a foul rider may find himself "warned off the Turf," a ruinous punishment for a racing man.

J.S.C.

PERSONAL PARS.

A FEW FUNNY STORIES.

On one occasion when Prince Arthur of Connaught, who is an enthusiastic soldier, was travelling by steamer along a Canadian river, he saw a man standing on the bank waving a pocket handkerchief tied to a stick.

The Prince immediately pulled out his own handkerchief and waved back again. "Why did you do that?" asked one of his suite. "The man signalled the words. 'Welcome to Canada,'" replied Prince Arthur, "and I signalled back again, 'Thank you,'" Although there were a number of officers on board, the Prince was the only person who was able to read the stranger's message.

Sent to England to Cool.

An amusing reference was once made to Father Vaughan's fiery methods of denunciation. He had been preaching in Rome for Pope Leo the Thirteenth, and, as usual, had been dealing out plain truths for everybody with his accustomed force.

One of the Cardinals remarked that he preached like an Italian. "Yes," said the Pope, "but he is an Italian. He was born on Vesuvius, and we only sent him to England to cool."

Father Vaughan is smart in all he does and says. For instance, there is a story of how one day, while standing beneath a famous picture of Henry the Eighth he was asked what he would do if the original of the picture were to step down from the canvas. "I should ask the ladies to leave the room," he promptly replied.

General Disguised as a Navvy.

General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell possesses histrionic abilities which would put to the blush those of many a professional actor. Once when quartered at Aldershot, a man, anxious to draw the general's attention to some gun, always waylaid him on his afternoon walk. This happened so often that the general one day disguised himself as a navvy previous to going out for his usual walk. On his way back he encountered the man. Slouching his shoulders and assuming a ferocious expression he strolled up to him. "Are you the chap wot's lookin' for Baden-Powell?" he asked. "For if you are he has sent me out to keep the road clear for 'im." He was never again disturbed in his afternoon walk.

A Yokel and the Ass.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., is justly credited with a pretty wit and when heckled at meetings he has the happiest manner of answering—if not satisfying —the queries of the curious. On one occasion, however, he was let down at an agricultural meeting in the village of Braunton, near Barnstaple.

In the middle of Dr. Macnamara's speech a man got up and said, "I should like to ask 'ee a question about that." The speaker replied, "Perhaps you had better wait until the close of my speech, and I'll do my best to answer you," but the elector persisted, which brought another man to his feet, shouting, "Sit down, you ass!"

An altercation of a wholly personal and uncomplimentary character followed between the two disputants, when a third man rose and said, "Sit down, both of 'ee; you'm both asses!" In a moment of unwisdom Dr. Macnamara turned on the three of them and said, "There seems to be an unusual number of asses here to-night, but for Heaven's sake let's hear one at a time."

Whereat the first gentleman, pointing a long finger at the doctor, returned, "Well, you go on, then." For once North Camberwell's M.P. racked his brain for a suitable reply.

THE SALESMAN'S EYES.

AN IMPORTANT POINT.

Years ago when I was learning boxing my instructor had a way—a rough and ready and quick and efficient way—of bringing me to my senses when I was obviously neglecting his instruction.

Sometimes, indeed, in bringing me to my senses he knocked my senses out of me, and I would subside on to the mat with a dazed sort of feeling that I had done something foolish.

One of the most frequently-impressed lessons that he gave me was that I should always watch my opponent's eyes.

A Former View.

As a novice I used to think that greater safety lay in "watching" my opponent's fists, or rather the great gloves upon them. It seemed to me that I could in this way tell much better where the left was thinking of finding me unguarded. I quite forgot that the left,—and the right for that matter —were only doing what the brains of the opponent directed; and I also forgot that a man's eyes are the best guide to his immediate actions, at least in boxing.

And so I often got badly punished.

To turn this directly into trade channels is easier than it seems, perhaps.

Very often—in nine cases out of ten perhaps—on going into a shop and asking to be shown some goods you are thinking of purchasing, you will notice that the shop assistant pays much more attention to the goods than to you, the possible purchaser of those goods.

From beginning to end the assistant will scarcely give one glance at you, the customer—*to see how all his patter strikes you.* Like the inexperienced boxer, he will not look at his opponent's eyes to find out how it all strikes him.

What the assistant ought to do is to cultivate the ability to talk well concerning the thing he is handling, and at the same time to watch carefully every variation of expression on the face of the customer.

Customer's Doubts.

Then he should so adapt his words to meet what he can understand from the customer's expression.

In this way many of the customer's doubts—doubts which are only vaguely formed and cannot fully be expressed, and may stand in the way of a sale—will be forestalled and elucidated.

Watch the customer's eyes.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME STRANGE RECOVERIES.

In the *M.M.* a fortnight ago there appeared an article headed "Curious Finds," and to the instances then given may now be added records of other lucky and strange recoveries.

A Maharajah's Treasure.

To begin with, the recovery by the Maharajah of Bikanir of a valuable diamond which he lost while on a shopping and sight-seeing expedition in London will be recalled by more than one reader. The Maharajah's lost jewel, which forms part of the hereditary treasures of the State of Bikanir, was rescued from the pavement in Pall Mall by a boy named Duffin.

Fifty years ago Frank Strome lost a large open-face silver watch, and this has now been recovered from the stomach of an alligator killed in Texas.

Will Strome, son of the man who lost the timepiece, shot the alligator, whose age is estimated by its hide to be over eighty years. The elder Strome was engaged in capturing alligators in the same waterway when he lost the watch. The "ticker" bears his name in crude engraving on the case, and has been put in running order.

Bad Egg Worth £700.

Some months ago a young man named Bilk found the address of a young lady on an egg. Of course, the egg was bad, but as it requested the recipient to communicate with the writer, Bilk wrote, probably hoping to establish a romance with the fair one from Texas, for that was her home, and her name was Wacker.

Not long since she died, and a letter received by Bilk stated that she had left him an estate valued at about £700.

A pocket-book and cash, either lost or stolen from a farmer named Strunk while on a train journey in America twelve years ago, have been returned to him.

The pocket-book contained the eleven dollars which were in it when he missed the book, his cards, and some other papers, and also the interest on eleven dollars at 6 per cent. for the dozen years.

There was also an unsigned note which read: "The money did me a lot of good, but take better care of your money in the future."

The package was sent by post, but there was nothing on it to indicate who sent it.

Brought up a Pearl.

The marriage of Charles Louis Eugene Levy, son of Emile Levy, the pearl king of the South Seas, recalls the fact that he once dived to the bottom of the Pacific ocean and brought up a pearl that his father sold for nearly £8,000.

THE HORRID SPINSTER.

Lady of Uncertain Age (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend)—"Thank you, dear. But I still find it very hard to remember my new name."

Friend (who has not yet succeeded in catching a husband)—"Ah, dear, but of course you had the old one so long!"

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

21.—AN "AD." THAT PAID ME WELL.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

For several weeks in succession I studied the list of "Missing Relatives and Friends" advertised for in a widely circulated Sunday paper, and made a selection of names and addresses of people seeking news of other people.

I had often thought that money could be made out of this anxiety to get on the track of the lost, and was about to put this theory to the test.

Search for a Runaway Son.

After a number of failures, I scored one success; and after this one success I scored several others, varying my lines of action according to the variations of the circumstances I had to take into consideration. Leaving out my failures and later successes, I select for narration my lucrative experiences with a bereft and sorrowing mother in search of her runaway son, the case in point being the one that encouraged me to persevere.

The proclamation of the mourning mother of the missing son was in very much the following terms:—

"Sullward, Jack. News is earnestly sought of Percival John (Jack) Sullward, who is believed to have left England ten years ago, and has not been heard of since. Anyone communicating trustworthy information will be liberally rewarded. The inquiry is made by the mother of the missing gentleman: Address care of Editor. Colonial papers please copy."

Starting a Correspondence.

Disguising my handwriting, in anticipation of further correspondence later on, I posted a note to Mrs. Sullward asking her to state the age of her son, and to supply me with a few other particulars, as I had an idea that a man I had met abroad might be the missing gentleman of whom she wanted to hear. This was designedly vague. All I wanted to do at this stage was to "draw" the old lady, whose response was as prompt and as full as I had relied on its being. She posted me up so completely in the history of her "Jack," from his birth to his disappearance, that I could have written his biography, illustrated by reproductions of the photographs she enclosed, showing their subject as an infant, a school-boy, a youth in the late 'teens, and finally a "man about town."

Incidentally, she gave me a good many useful-looking clues as to her own personality. Her letter was well written, on excellent paper, and dated from a sufficiently swagger address—"The Higher Hall, Ongar, Essex."

No doubt she was very much disappointed to hear from me that neither particulars nor photographs—(the latter "returned herewith")—could possibly relate to "the man I had met abroad."

I went down to Ongar (a survival from the Middle Ages), but simply, for the present, to satisfy myself that my money would be all right when the time came. I soon heard enough to put my mind at ease as to that. I never even went up to have a look at the Higher Hall from the outside. It wasn't necessary. All I wanted to be sure about I learnt without the least doubt or difficulty in the village.

For several months I did nothing. I was doing very well out of other people, and Mrs. Sullward would keep, with advantage, till next time I got hard up. Of course, that time came—as it always did—and then I started to carry out the swindle that had been in my mind all along.

Making up for a Part.

I made myself up a little, and dressed carefully for the easy part I was going to play; but I did this not so much to impress my victim as to help myself, for I had found from experience that in impersonating any "character" the assumption of his appearance is of material assistance to consistency and verisimilitude in thought, speech and action.

For the second time I made the short, long journey to Ongar—distance short and time long; and on this occasion proceeded straight from the station to the residence of Mrs. Sara Sullward, a mile or more beyond the little town (as I believe it calls itself). The Higher Hall was just the typical medium-sized country house I had pictured it to be, standing by itself in the middle of a trimly-kept, pleasantly laid-out acre or so of land. I gave no name to the servant who opened the door to my knock. Was her mistress at home? She was. I wished to see her on important business of a private nature. I was invited to enter, and after a delay of only a few minutes' duration Mrs. Sullward came into the room into which I had been conducted to await her pleasure.

Story of a Manslaughter Charge.

I found myself standing at attention before a little, worn old lady, who might be over eighty and couldn't be under seventy. I waited for her to speak first. She did so to ask, in rather sharp tones, what I wanted with her.

"You are Mrs. Sullward, madam?" I returned impressively.

"Of course I am. Who are you, my good man?"

"My name is Jarvis, madam—Matthew Jarvis. I am a warder at the Convict Prison at Dartmoor. Mrs. Sullward, are we standing where no human being can possibly overhear our conversation?"

"Yes," came the answer, bravely but faintly uttered. "Sit down and speak freely. What is it you are here to tell me?"

I am sure she knew something of what was coming. My manner, probably, as much as my few words, had prepared her for it. The dim eyes and the wrinkled face took on a piteous look as I proceeded to break my "news" to her.

"You had a son, madam?"

"If God has been merciful, I have a son."

"He is alive, but when you know where he is, and what he is, you'll wish he was dead," I blurted out. I wanted to cut the business short.

She managed to make her trembling lips meet, somehow, as she bade me lose no time in the telling of my story.

"He is one of the prisoners under my charge. He came to us a year ago—convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude."

"Not . . not in his father's name?"

"No. In the name he had been living under for years in South America. You don't know, madam, likely enough, why he had to flee this country ten years ago? I see you don't."

Cutting from Old Newspaper.

I told her—that is to say, I told her the plausible little yarn I had prepared to meet the point involved; and then I put in her hands—they could scarcely hold it—a cutting I had snipped from an old newspaper on which I had happened to hit by the merest accident. This cutting reported the hearing of a case that just fitted in with the whole of the story I had concocted and was working on—in fact, I had based on it some of the details of my little romance. I was only once in danger during the entire interview, and that was when she referred to her advertisement, and to one or two letters she had written in response to replies to it. I suppose the glimmering thought in her mind was, had I been one of her correspondents? But being expectant of this allusion of hers, I was fully forewarned and forearmed, and so met it that any lurking suspicion she may just possibly have had was instantly nipped in the bud.

"How do you know that this man is—is—my son?"

"He has told me so. He has sent me to you. I have simply to put into her "Jack's" mouth as much as I liked to put from what she had put into her own letter to me.

A Long List of Privileges.

All the grit in the old lady's nature came to the top. Of course, I take it for granted that she gave way as soon as my back was turned, but she wasn't going to give way in my presence. She came to the point with the out-spoken common-sense question I'd been playing her up for.

"What is it in your power to do for my son?"

From beginning to end she had to "hesitate and later" before she could get out that "my son." Needless to say, I had at my tongue's end a regular list of the immunities, privileges, and ameliorations that I could secure for a "man in my charge—if I were willing to risk the danger of being found out, and to face the fate that must be mine if ever

...i was suspected. I had intended to talk about my ...ice, but decided to leave all that out, perceiving that ...e would be no need to charge up the loss of my soul's ...lvation as an extra.

Did One Really Kind Action.

I admit that it's weakness, but I'd really rather not recall ...at any length the conversation she insisted on having as to ...the sum total of it all would mean—not in loss to her ...ain to me, but to her "boy." Exactly how and how much ...it would benefit, from exactly what he would be spared—...over again. I'd told her once—gone carefully through the ...list, as I've just implied— but that wasn't enough. I had ...to look at it. I did one really kind thing—I made her ...ve at last that through me her long-lost Jack was some-...e about near having the time of his life.

Down she came from the clouds. "Of course," I must be ...suitably rewarded; and "of course" she would look after ...my future "if anything happened."

I left Higher Hall with plenty in hand for weeks ahead. ...After that I drew regularly from her for as many months. An accommodation address at Princetown for the receiving ...and forwarding of her letters, and for the sending to her of ...mine, was very easy of arrangement. I told her that though, in the case of a prisoner serving so long a sentence, all correspondence was forbidden, I could smuggle in as many letters as she cared to send, at an awfully increased risk to myself. She sent a lot, at a fiver each—this special perquisite naturally being in addition to my regular allowance from her.

Offer for Smuggled Out Letters.

...she offered me a tenner for every letter I could smuggle ...but I had an idea that the first forgery would give ...me away, and therefore I choked her off as regards ...Her insistence hastened my grand finale.

...I worked out a plan of escape. Others besides myself ...would be involved in the difficulties to be overcome, the ...risks to be dared—and the expenses to be incurred. ...She had told about letters from her son. She could have ...him himself. With the aid of the accomplices I could ...[illegible] I could guarantee his breaking clear away, and ...the facility of his pursuit. I regretted it would cost so much. ...I would take half down—and the other five hundred ...[illegible] all over.

It took some time to drag her into this, but she came into ...it at last, and I went down to Prince town to receive in person ...the letter that covered the splash.

That advertisement of dear old Mrs. Sullward in a Sunday paper paid me well.

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

A demure little maid in a big blue hat
In the front choir stall near the parson sat;
But whether "Te Deum" or "Magnificat"
Was sung in keys that were sharp or flat,
She kept her eye on the curate.

It's easy to guess the end of this song,
For curates don't "keep up their ends" very long,
When girls send "glad eyes" 'cross the church—
—"Oh, how wrong!"
So the bait hooked the fish—the dear curate.

They've been wed now for years, and he's grown red
And fat,
Wears cloth gaiters, you know, and a bishop's hat,
And is chairman of this, and chairman of that.
But a Meeting of Mothers!—well, she goes to that,
For she still keeps her eye on her curate.

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

THE NECESSITY OF DECEPTION.

They were arguing about the alleged inborn strain of deceitfulness in woman, and she retaliated by citing instances of men deceiving their wives.

"I suppose that you hold that a man should ...[illegible]"

"Why, yes," he replied back at him, "I shouldn't go so far as to say that, but how would it be possible for the average husband to be a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

IDLE MOMENTS.

EXCURSIONS THAT WERE NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Idle moments! but what a lot of work they make for a man to be sure.

I've done things in those idle moments that have cost me more than all the moments of my working day put together. Funny thing, eh?

I recollect once going for a walking tour for an idle whim. Talk about the expense of caravanning; I should have been pounds in pocket if I'd set up a caravan.

Encounter with a Tramp.

The first thing that happened, I met a tramp who was a bigger man than myself, and he relieved me of my watch and all my spare coin, besides giving me a crack on the head that laid me in a ditch, which, lucky for me, was a dry one. I was found by the one policeman that miserable neighbourhood owned, and he thought it was a case of "drunk," and I narrowly escaped being locked up in the village Bridewell on that charge. Cost me a good bit to put that affair on a proper footing. I should think I kept all the village officials, including the policeman and publican, for the best part of a week.

That was an idle moment's work.

Another time I hired a boat to do some fishing.

I may mention that I know nothing of either boating or fishing.

But I had heard that to handle a boat was as easy as sitting in a chair, and that any fool could fish.

So I gave the boatman a shilling to push me off, and he did with such goodwill that it capsized through my not being prepared for him, and I fell into the water. By the time I had swallowed more of that fluid than I had ever tasted before in my whole life, the boatman had fished me out.

After rewarding him to the value he set upon my life, and not that which I set upon his services, getting into dry clothes, and partaking of an antidote to the water, I again got into the boat and this time safely started.

"When you get to the bend, sir," shouted the man—but I heard no more, and the current being strong, the boat was easy to row.

An Interrupted Meditation.

I saw no bend, and by this time I was enjoying my idle moment to the full, with pipe well alight, and a soft breeze blowing away the cobwebs of business cares.

"Nature," I murmured, "how beautiful thou art in thy placid moods."

"Hullo," a harsh voice broke in upon my musings. I looked up. A man in velveteens was eyeing me in a very unfriendly way from the bank.

"You are speaking to me," I said, with an iced inflection in my tone. His was distinctly uncivil.

"What are you doing trespassing on this water—it's preserved."

I looked down at the water; it did not look to me any different to any other water.

"My good man," I answered, "I am not trespassing—but boating for pleasure."

"And fishing, I s'pose, for profit," he sneered.

A sneer is always vulgar when directed against oneself, so I took no notice.

"Well, you'll be fined anyhow, so you may as well give your name and address and take yourself off at once."

"The latter I shall do when I please, the first I refuse," I replied.

The Fishing Tackle Broken.

And with that the man on the bank deliberately waded into the water, seized my fishing tackle and rod and broke them up (they were not paid for either), got into the boat and took the oars from me and rowed me up the stream to what I suppose must have been the "bend," not that I saw it even then.

"See that board, or can't you read, 'This water is preserved, trespassers will be prosecuted,'" and I was thankful he left it at that, for I really thought he had instructions, by the look of him, to massacre strangers on the spot.

However, he calmed down, and accepted several glasses of ale at a little roadside inn, to which he was kind enough to act as guide, and a gold coin, and "'nouff said," as he expressed it.

Idle moments come under the head of costly pleasure in my vocabulary.

A. M. STEWART.

MY NOTE BOOK.

THE "MODERN MAN'S" LATEST BADGE.

There is very little doubt but that you have already guessed my decision in regard to the badge suggested by Mr. Brockhurst (Eastbourne), and backed up by quite an army of *Modern Man* readers. Friend Brockhurst, here's to you. Whether the idea struck you whilst in bed, in business, in the swimming bath, or on one of the many playing fields—it really doesn't matter. The point of importance is that when the happy thought occurred you immediately sent it forth. Result, adoption.

I am having designs submitted to me, and, of course, shall bring to bear upon my selection all the artistic taste with which I am endowed. Next week I hope to tell my readers what the badge is really like, and when it can be secured.

* * *

AN ENGLISH BUTLER'S GRIEVANCE.

In the columns of *The Modern Man* readers have a medium for airing their grievances. Of course I do not necessarily agree with any opinion expressed, and both sides of a question will at all times be treated with equal respect.

This week a butler has written me complaining that the English manservant is up against unfair competition with the foreigner, and he expresses the sincere hope that the Government will soon take steps to alter the Alien Act.

"As it stands at present," he says, "it is useless for what it is intended, viz., preventing undesirables from entering this country, and, incidentally, sowing the seed of revolution. At the present time in London alone there are hundreds of unemployed butlers, footmen, etc., and the direct cause can be traced to the growing demand for foreign labour in big establishments. Do not imagine for one moment that the cause of the demand is because he is the better servant. He is not by any means, but I will try and give a few reasons which have come under my personal observation.

"In the first place, a foreign butler will do all kinds of work in a house. I know a Swiss butler whose duty included scrubbing a scullery floor and helping the housemaid to make beds and empty slops. Would any Englishman worthy the name do it? Secondly, there is the question of wages. They will accept anything from 20 to 25 per cent. less than the Englishman. I once had working with me an English footman, a thorough good fellow, and when he left a foreigner was taken on at about half his pay, and in about a month's time we were able to manage without two housemaids. He did the work of one, but eventually was discharged for untidiness; and yet when I left my successor was a foreigner.

"The foreigner is employed by people who can well afford to pay the extra money an Englishman asks to enable him to live. The English manservant is generally clean, honest and trustworthy, and although his life could be bettered he neither strikes or talks of strikes; but unless steps are taken to remove the foreigner, it will not be very long before he will be at work in another branch.

"There is still another point in favour of the English manservant, and that is he is terribly handicapped in the race for employment (other than his own), especially when it calls for manual labour. The previous indoor life, with the minimum amount of fresh air, has weakened his constitution, and although quite able to follow his own line of employment, doing his work thoroughly to a ripe age, it is impossible for him to compete with men who have led a life the exact opposite to his."

* * *

AN ADMIRER'S ACROSTIC.

There's a certain amount of vanity in all of us, and the receipt of a kindly note from a friend is seldom, if ever, treated as strictly private. Recently I have received many nice messages from both old and new readers of *The Modern Man*, and the best way for me to return thanks is to continue to do my best to merit their appseciation. One of the new readers—E.P., London—has sent me, as he puts it, "a little testimonial in the form of an acrostic," which, of course, I am pleased to give. It runs:—

This journal, somehow, I'm beginning to like,
Henceforth I've decided to read it.
Each time that I've scanned it there's something to strike
Me as most entertaining, and I need it.
One does not require all dry, prosy stuff,
Depressing to nerves—let's keep merry;
Events of the day may be all right enough—
Refreshing, though, this paper, very.
Nice humorous pars are included each week,
Making pleasant and quite useful reading:
A host of sound hints, which we all ought to seek,
Nothing's useless, it's all what we're needing.

A BARBER AND BALD HEADS.

As a rule barbers are capital conversationalists. More often than not the weather provides the start off, and then, if you show a disposition to talk, you can be catered for on any blessed subject you like to name.

A few days ago a barber and myself came to discussing bald heads, and, written up, the appended would not be an extravagant account of my friend's statements: "I suppose there must be in this country," he said, "anywhere between three and six million bald headed men; and then, if you should count in the thin thatched individuals of other countries, I'll wager you would find on earth about 25,000,000 bald headed men.

"And these men would all like to have hair, all of them. Think of it, 25,000,000 bald headed men wanting hair and willing to pay for it! You may never have considered it, but every barber knows that in a compound or preparation that would really make hair grow on bald heads there would be a fortune far beyond our fondest fancies, and at last I made the greatest discovery.

"Of course I began the use of it in the shop where I was working, and soon there was a bottle on the shelf of every barber in the shop, with every bottle paying me something, and the fame of this shop spread among the bald headed, it wasn't long before it had literally more than I could do. From morning till night the shop was filled with bald headed men.

"Then I took a shop of my own; a big shop, and in it I built up a great business, more than I could by any possibility handle there, and money? I came to have a big account, a very respectable bank account, and then I blossomed out; I took a whole building. I early established the practice of charging according to the customer's means. To those who had little I charged but little; I think I may fairly say that to them I was a benefactor; but to the rich? Well, what difference would it make to a bald headed rich man how much he paid if he could really get his hair back? My money piled up. And then, one day, in a minute, I lost everything.

"On that day there came in to settle his account a man of most ample fortune, whose head had once been bald, and to whom in six months I had given a fine head of hair, real hair that he could comb. He was to pay £1,000; but what was £1,000 to him? Why, he'd have given £5,000 cheerfully if I had charged it, and he thanked me more than cordially, most gratefully, as he handed over his cheque, and then, as I stood there facing this smiling and satisfied gentleman, holding between my fingers that scrap of paper, and expressing my thanks to him ——

"'Next!' somebody shouted, and when I looked up then I was still in the old shop, and I saw sitting down in my chair a regular customer of mine who had just come in for a shave.

"But I am still at work trying to invent a preparation that will really and truly make hair grow on bald heads."

Personally, I wish him luck.

* * *

THE RUSTIC AND HIS WIT.

There is plenty of humour in a rural cricket match, particularly when the opposing teams are Benedicts versus Bachelors. I dropped down into Gloucestershire during the Whitsuntide, and a couple of hours spent on a village cricket field provided me with as hearty a laugh as I have enjoyed for a long time. To the man born and brought up in a town, the rustic is more often than not regarded as a fellow of little wit. He is not credited with much gift of repartee by reason of his hum-drum existence, but a close study of him during my recent brief holiday strengthened my conviction that for wit and repartee the villager is second to none.

Mingling with a friend among the crowd of country men and women, youths and maidens at "one of the principal events of the year" in this particular village, I was able to overhear witticisms and comical remarks that would more than fill my usual space. For example, one player, "Perry," was good-humouredly voted "too sharp." perhaps one of the funniest things I heard was the outcome of an enquiry.

It appears that before the match commenced there was the usual "little bit of practice," during the course of which two of the players at least impeded the progress of the by other means than with the bat. One accepted it in the centre of the back, and an enquiry later by one of the players of "How's the back, Joe?" shouted across to him, elicited the information "Oh, he's gone to be mended, Bill."

The explanation lay in the fact that "back" had been mistaken for "bat." I hope to be present at another rural cricket match at a holiday time. I quite enjoyed this one.

YOUR EDITOR.

DRAKE'S FINE GAME: SOME HINTS FOR THE BOWLER.

Bowls is not nearly so much a middle-aged or elderly man's game as is generally supposed. At bowls as at other games, "youth will be served," and many of the best players in the country are young men, as is seen at the big tournaments.

The person who has never played bowls before will find that a game or two will produce aches and pains in many unexpected places. Bowls is excellent training for the hand and eye—also for the temper. It has the further advantage of being very inexpensive.

Scientific and Fascinating.

In theory the game is simplicity itself, consists in each player bowling at a small bowl, or "Jack," as it is called, and endeavouring to make his bowl come to rest nearer the "jack" than any of his opponents' bowls. But there are many points which make the game both scientific and fascinating.

There is the fact that the bowl, which is made of a very hard wood called "lignum vitae," and must not weigh more than 3½lbs., does not run straight, but has a bias which causes it to turn inwards about one yard in thirty.

Therefore a player does not aim direct at the "jack," but at a point wide of it. As the distance of the "jack" from the player varies with each game, and also during a game—thanks to the "jack" being knocked away—much judgment is required in gauging how far wide of the "jack" to aim.

Thus it is permissible, and, indeed is a great part of the game to play not to hit the "jack," but to knock away an opponents' bowl that is in a scoring position. This is called "riding." Then there is "guarding," deliberately playing short of the "jack" so as to block the way to it.

The Enemy's Advantage.

There are usually four players a side, each having two bowls. Thus when it comes to the last player to deliver his second bowl, the "jack" will be more or less surrounded by fifteen bowls, some friends, some foes.

Perhaps the enemy has the advantage. He has two bowls nearer the "jack" than any belonging to your side. Everything depends on you.

The way to the "jack" is almost blocked, but not quite.

It is just possible to run between two adjacent bowls and then, slowly curving round, to pass and lie inside the enemy's nearest bowl. But the tiniest error in aim, pitch, or pace means defeat. An anxious moment, but to the well-plucked bowler one worth living for.

Beginners' Mortification.

Beginners may find the following hints useful: Remember that the biassed side of the bowl is always on the inwards. That is, if you are playing to the right of the "jack" the left side of the bowl will be the biassed, whereas bowling to the left the biassed side will be on the bowl's right side.

Beginners often forget this, and have the mortification of seeing the bowl turn in the wrong direction.

The bias of a bowl varies, though it must not be less than one yard in thirty, so a player should make himself acquainted with the bias of his bowls until he knows just how much they will turn under ordinary conditions in a given distance.

When playing, the bowl should rest gently in the hollow of the hand, supported by the middle fingers, the thumb and little finger merely serving to hold it in position.

"Keep Your Arm Down."

The constant advice of Dr. W. G. Grace, now an enthusiastic and skilful bowler, to a bowler at cricket was "Keep your arm up."

At bowls the golden rule is "Keep your arm down." That is, when delivering the bowl the hand should be kept as close to the ground as possible.

Should you have the honour of skipping a side it is a good rule to make your weakest player go second.

Number one should be a good "drawer," that is, skilful in "playing," number three's main job, on the other hand, is knocking out other bowls. The "skip" plays last, and should be good at all points of the game.

THE SHOOTING TENANT: HOW HE ACTS IN THE COUNTRY.

The man who rents the shooting rights over an estate or a number of adjoining farms in the country is by no means always an acquisition to the neighbourhood; even if he also rents a house and spends a proportion of his time in the district, much less if he is only one of a syndicate, whose members merely run down from town for the day or the week-end.

Spoils Resident's Sport.

Such a one almost invariably spoils the sport of every other class of resident. He commences by engaging a game-keeper, either from a distant part of the country, or locally. In either case the man he engages is pretty certain not to be everything to be desired. Knowing nothing and usually caring less about the natural habits even of the game he wishes to shoot, much less of the wild life of the country-side, the tenant gives this keeper—in addition to a new velveteen jacket and ten-pound keeper's gun- unlimited powers over the lives and liberty of all the dumb creatures on the domain he rents.

All vermin are to be destroyed, and vermin to the average shooting tenant means every beast or bird that is not either a pheasant, a partridge, or a hare. Most of them mistake snipes for a woodcock that they fail to hit it even if they shoot. Owls and hawks of all kinds are to be exterminated as being, in his estimation, confirmed eaters of eggs or destroyers of pheasant chicks; and the keeper naturally takes on his employer's ignorance, where it gives him an excuse for indiscriminate shooting, and allows him to make a few shillings by selling the skins of these birds.

Hares Counted as Vermin.

I once knew a shooting tenant in Sussex who made his keepers shoot all the thrushes and blackbirds they could find, on the ground that they ate the berries that would otherwise feed the pheasants he had turned down, and so increase his bills for corn and raisins.

In some places hares are counted as vermin, and snared or shot by the keepers, so as to prevent Masters of Harriers and Beagles from coming on the land. Foxes, of course, are (surreptitiously) destroyed, not because they really eat the game, but because the shooting-tenant, in his ignorance, thinks that the latter will be disturbed by hounds drawing for them. Where the syndicate wish to maintain a sham reputation for sportsmanlike conduct, they will turn down bagged foxes on hunting mornings; but it is a trick that rarely deceives either hounds or huntsmen.

I shall never forget seeing a fox with a length of cord trailing behind him, escape early on a Sunday morning from the stables of a mansion occupied by a millionaire shooting-tenant, who had had him tied up there in readiness for a "show meet" of the hounds on the lawn next day.

Concerning Warning Boards.

It is to the shooting tenant that the country-side owes the multiplicity of warning notice-boards that dot the fields and hedgerows, to say nothing of the copses and plantations, wherever these are in contiguity to roads or foot-paths. These are intended to prevent anyone from disturbing very often mythical partridges, or roving barn-door pheasants, prior to the shooting season, and prevent the denizens of the country-side from gathering wild flowers, herbs, mushrooms or nuts, in their different seasons.

In Too Great a Hurry.

Even where every sport but shooting, and the ordinary amenities of life are not interfered with by the shooting tenant, his influence is not usually good. All the village loafers are employed as beaters on the Fridays, Saturdays and Mondays when the members of syndicates get away from their offices and shops; and they earn enough on these days to keep them in tobacco and liquor for a week. The consequence is that they gradually give up regular work, and their families suffer in consequence.

Again, wounded birds are left—the shooting-tenant and his guests are in far too great a hurry to get on to the next drive to have them properly picked up—with the result that the farmers and labourers spend the Sunday in beating the fields with sheep-dogs for these birds, and sell them surreptitiously to the dealers.

Many villages and small towns in the home counties have in this way been completely demoralised by the advent of the shooting-tenant, who forms collectively the most selfish class of pseudo sportsmen that England has yet seen, since the convenience and even the right of the rural population are daily interfered with in the interests of his chosen pastime.

Rapid Physical Development.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

For Forearm and Grip.

There is a very good exercise for the forearm, wrist, and grip.

It is true that it calls for apparatus, but of a simple and inexpensive description.

All that is needed is a stout piece of elastic, or rubber cord, attached as shown in accompanying illustration to a hook screwed into a wall at one end, and to a wooden bar at the other.

To perform the exercise, wind the cord up on the bar, first with the palms up, and next with the palms down.

Then try it with left hand palm down, and right hand palm up, and vice versa.

As your forearm power improves extra strands can be added to the cord.

The exercises should be repeated till the muscles ache, but not to the point of numbness or exhaustion.

These are very good exercises for the man who is going to spend a fishing holiday, and for all fond of ball games.

They may also be strongly recommended to gymnasts as quickly developing that firm yet supple grip which is so essential to grace coupled with safety on the horizontal or parallel bars.

Gadfly Games.

Golf is a great game, and has undoubtedly been the salvation of many a weakly or unhealthy man; but I sometimes wonder whether in certain cases it does not do more harm than good.

It is a game full of exasperations, and I am inclined to believe that the extreme irritation it causes to men of neurotic or choleric temperament is apt to be injurious, and to cause bile, cerebral congestion, and nervous strain.

I have seen men, after an unlucky defeat, either almost raving with rage, or in a state of profound depression, and I wouldn't mind betting that their meals did not agree with them for a day or two after. Of course, it will be said that it is childish to lose your temper over a game; but none of us is perfect, and many quite good chaps are seriously affected by the annoyances and pin-pricks of golf.

A Capital Exercise for the Forearm, Wrist and Grip.

Croquet and billiards are two other gadfly games, while lawn tennis can be exceedingly exasperating when your hand and eye are not altogether in tune.

My advice to the man who finds, after a fair trial, that a game causes him undue irritation or excitement, is to leave it alone.

I am particularly sure that it does a worried brain-worker no good to take his exercise in the form of a game that causes him acute irritation, or anger, or leaves him depressed, disheartened, disgusted with himself and things in general.

A Case in Point.

There is a case in point. Last summer, when holiday-making, I ran across an old friend, a busy journalist. Despite the sea air we were both enjoying he looked run down, and his nerves were all jangled. He confessed that to please his wife, who was a croquet enthusiast, he played the game daily. He disliked the game, for he could not keep his temper at it, and was ashamed of and irritated by his weakness. I talked to his wife; he stopped playing, and in a few days he was a different man.

Answers to Correspondents

ARTHUR C (Godalming).—Unfortunately a broad, well-developed chest is no guarantee against tuberculosis of the lungs (consumption). On the other hand a person with an ill-developed chest is far more likely to be attacked by this disease than one of normal chest measurement.

CRAMP (Kentish Town).—Cramp in the leg may usually be stopped by stretching out the heel as far as possible, at the same time drawing up the toes as far as possible.

B.G.L. (Northampton).—Scurf in the head may be got rid of and safely removed by mixing and applying the following home-made lotion: Take a piece of quick-lime, about the size of a walnut, and drop it into a pint of water. Let it stand all night, and in the morning pour off as much clear as you can get clear of sediment or deposit. To this add a quarter of a pint of best vinegar and wash the head thoroughly.

J.S. (Hendon).—Measurements very good. Certainly it is worth while to have a single artificial tooth put in, even when it is too far back to cause disfigurement. The absence of the tooth means extra work for the other teeth while the opposite tooth in the upper jaw, having nothing to rest or bite on, will gradually come down out of its socket and decay or fall out prematurely. Thanks for wishes.

N.W. (Bournemouth).—A [illegible] may be checked at once by [illegible] joint with adhesive plaster. Twelve grains of iodine, mixed with half an ounce of vaseline or spermaceti ointment, makes a good ointment for bunions.

It should be rubbed on gently two or three times a day.

C.T. (Commercial Road).—Bryonia is useful for bilious attacks, but you would do well to consult a doctor.

E.P. (Darlington).—In breathing exercises the shoulders should be drawn back, and the chest deepened.

"Yes, my boy, I'd get Arthur Girvan to make me as tall as he's made you —if only I were under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches by perfectly natural and scientific means; no appliances required. Write for particulars.

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THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M), PERTH, N.B.

WHY CHURCHES ARE NEARLY EMPTY: TRACING THE TROUBLE BETWEEN CLERGY & LAITY.

There is no denying the fact—even if anybody wants to deny it, which I doubt—that nowadays in the rural districts of England the churches are very sparsely patronised. This is by no means the case even so recently as twenty years ago. What is the meaning—and the cause or causes—of this change that has come over our rural population?

All too often the trouble is traceable to slackness on the part of the vicar. In some welcome cases we find that the vicar is a young, strong, and eager 'Varsity athlete, who wins his small rural flock by his unbounded enthusiasm rather than, perhaps, his erudition or his eloquence, and his popularity—let it be whispered—is not a little due to his whole-hearted support of the village sports and games.

Positive Trial to the Flesh.

But alas, on the other hand he is all too often an aged gentleman, who has been moved from a more populous parish to a town to the comparatively easy work of a village living, because he has reached the "doddering" stage. It is perhaps excusable in the case of such a man—though it is to be regretted—that he seldom does any kind of work among his congregation. Indeed, he will seldom be heard in the pulpit, leaving the preaching to probably one overworked and deplorably underpaid curate. What with the district visiting, the mothers' meetings, the christenings, the marryings and buryings, which will fall to this unfortunate individual—not forgetting, too, the rather dreadful possibility that he does not get enough to eat—it is to be wondered at that, almost every week, he will be physically and mentally jaded that the composition of a sermon will be a positive trial of the flesh, and that its delivery will fail woefully to interest a congregation that is at the same time too appreciative?

Hint to Watch the Papers.

While on the subject of dull sermons, here is a hint to parsons who find that there is generally room for more worshippers in their churches. Why not take a leaf out of the book of the Church Army? Every Sunday St. Mary-at-Hill Monument has a goodly gathering of listeners to the preacher. This is because it invariably takes the form of a talk combining allusions to some topic of the day (sporting or otherwise) with a skilfully interwoven religious moral. Such sermons are always interesting; and the congregation may be said to look forward to them. To put the matter shortly, the preacher who studies daily happenings in the paper more closely, and builds his sermons round them, will, I venture to assert, experience no trouble in the matter of slender attendances.

In the same connection a system of more frequent "exchanges" would undoubtedly be salutary. A congregation—especially a rural one—becomes accustomed in a very short time indeed to the style, nay even to the mannerisms, of one particular preacher, and is wont to argue that if it has heard one of his sermons, it has to all intents and purposes heard them all. By more frequent interchanges of pulpits with those of other villages or small towns, novelty would be introduced into the sermons by reason of their being delivered by frequently varying personalities.

One of the Fittest Ways.

So much for the question of brightening the services. Now we may turn to a different explanation. The rural parishioner is more clearly confronted than his urban brother with the fact that there is more than one way of worshipping the Great Architect of the Universe. He will often prefer to take his Sunday worship in his own way, to be his own parson and his own congregation, and to hold his service in the church of his own choosing. By which I mean that he will often take a long country walk, rejoicing in his freedom from the cobbler's bench, the blacksmith's anvil, the little office desk, or the "general stores" counter, as the case may be. With God-made Nature all round him he will—to use a modern creed that "the Man is as good as the Master"—have chosen one of the fittest possible ways of glorifying the Maker and all his works.

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Hustling Spirit of Competition.

Yet again we have to consider the fact that nowadays life is immeasurably more strenuous even in quiet rural districts than it was only ten years back. The hustling spirit of competition is not confined to the cities. A shilling takes as much earning in Slocombe Regis as it does in the City of London; and Giles has to work as hard for his money as does Mr. Robinson-Smythe, of Tooting, at his desk in Cornhill. Thus it is that Sunday will often find Giles a very tired man. And as the church is, perhaps, one-and-a-half miles, two miles, or three miles distant from Giles's cottage, he may be excused if he prefers to stay at home in the morning, and to take the evening service in the shape of readings from his Prayer Book amid the flowers in his little garden.

A Sad Feature of Education.

The growth of the Council School system is another potent and hardly too salutary factor when all its points are considered. State Education, as it stands at present, provides the little knowledge that is a dangerous thing, rather than that thorough knowledge that constitutes Power. It is apt to produce minds which are eager to Reason, but which do not Know.

And it is a sad fact that this same State Education has in all too many cases turned the old-time peasant's simple spirit of blind belief in the teachings of "passon" into an insidious tendency to a species of Atheism, all the fiercer by reason of comparative ignorance.

It is a thankful thing, however, that this spirit is so far confined to very narrow and widely separated areas. Let us hope—as, indeed, is very likely—that the real reason of decreasing congregations in villages and elsewhere is that many of us are formulating a crude religion of our own—the main tenet of which is to do as we please, so long as we do no harm to anybody else.

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If "Pyramids" cost 1/- each (which they do not)—
thousands of men would pay it gladly for handkerchiefs so perfectly finished, so faultless in taste, so attractive in indelible coloured border designs, so pleasant in use, and durable But the production of "Pyramids" is so enormous that they are sold at "every man's price"—the easily-afforded 6½d. each.
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WE GUARANTEE SIX FREE if one loses colour in the laundry.
Every genuine Pyramid Handkerchief bears the Pyramid Label.
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THE HOBBY OF THOUSANDS: ROAD RACING CYCLISTS SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE.

You may meet him about five o'clock any morning in the summer, but more especially on Sunday, along a country road, with the sun just rising above the trees, the dew still glistening on the grass, the breeze still cool, and the dust not yet stirred up; when the air is sweet and invigorating like champagne, and the mind still free from the worries of a day; when motor and other traffic have as yet left the white, winding, ribbon-like road free from the sacrilege of their presence.

A black figure, clad in tights and an alpaca coat, mounted on a light, low built, graceful machine, pedalling with a rythmical swing up a stiff hill, race grim with a set purpose; with a spare type strapped beneath the saddle, and a watch on the downward curved handlebar. Scorcher, did someone say? Perhaps, yet a man and a sportsman.

No Spectacular Excitement.

Road-racing cycling is the hobby of hundreds—nay, thousands—of young men of to-day; it has a literature all its own; a freemasonry among its devotees; a large manufacturing industry thrives on it yet the average person knows nothing whatever about it. There is no limelight, no cheering crowds, none of the spectacular excitement that attracts such a large following to football or boxing. The sport itself is indulged in "sub rosa," it is illicit: none of its champions are photographed and fêted like the track "heads."

There are no costly prizes given to attract huge gates; the winner of a "fifty" may get only a gold medal, yet that means weeks of training, large sums in expenses, and two or three hours of agony. This is a grand thing to find—sport for sport's sake—for there may be no recognition of a splendid achievement except amongst a limited fraternity.

The Necessity of Grit.

The sport demands strength and physical fitness quite as much as skill and what we migh term ringcraft, the knowledge when to go "all out" and when to save it up. The racer must be trained well, for to cover a journey of fifty miles at "evens"—that is, at twenty miles an hour without stopping, is a feat that would produce an exhaustion that would be fatal to a man of careless habits. But more than anything else, the rider requires grit—what the boys call "guts"—the ability to go on when "it hurts," to push forward when every push seems likely to be the last; when even slight hills, or, as they are contemptuously called, "pimples," seem like mountains. The men start at intervals of three to five minutes, with the fastest man first, so as to preclude any possibility of their passing one another. Thus the race is ridden entirely alone, there is none of the exultation that comes of "dusting a man up," as in running. The rider makes out his schedule, and has his watch; he has to be at a certain spot by a certain time, or else he is not going fast enough. He has no other method of judging his speed, and he knows nothing of what the other men are doing till all are finished and the times are deducted, when he finds who's won.

This demands the display of the same dogged spirit that makes the English soldier the finest in the world, the English explorer the most daring, and Englishmen in the front of every movement everywhere, the insanity of not knowing when they are done for.

For "The Sport of the Thing."

I remember a team of four who entered into a race with another club when they were quite untrained, just for the "sport of the thing." One man smashed into a gate, borrowed another machine, and finished; another rode five miles with a dislocated shoulder, and one man fainted halfway. He was asked later why he had got on again to finish, and he said, surprised, "Why, the team. Total times were to count; the others might have won even with my bad time, whereas if I hadn't finished we should have lost for certain. We did lose, but we died like heroes, although there was one hill that brought all my past life up against me, and most of my breakfast."

The fourth man was slanged by the other three because he could still stand up when he finished; they said that he could have used up that bit of strength on the road and ridden faster, for even seconds count. Competition is so keen that I have seen the first six men in a race covered by ten seconds in twenty-five miles. It is a sport for men, not mice.

The road man must not train to reduce weight so much as to increase staying power and improve his wind. Big strength may not always count, for the weaker but better trained man can lower his gear and pedal faster. Indeed a gear of 78 is high enough for a Hercules while some of the best times have been made on gears of 65. People who do not know suppose that cycling develops the legs in preference to any other part of the body, but this is not so with regard to road racing.

The Muscles in Play.

Most of the muscles are called into play, the arms, chest, back and stomach, for with toe straps, the old hand pulls up the pedals on a hill, as well as pushing them down. The dropped handle-bar also enables a man to get somewhat of the same movement as in rowing, for he pulls up at his bars as he pushes down his pedals, so as to push with more than his own weight.

This uses his back muscles and his arms and shoulders, and often that is where the strain is felt first. Harry Green, Shirley, Charley Denny, and most of our cracks have all well-developed chests and shoulders.

Only Thing to Learn.

There are no special instructions to beginners at this game. There is nothing to learn, except to ride fast, and keep riding fast, but not so fast as to kill oneself in the first mile. That is the secret, to so use one's strength as to just finish at the time when you have got what is termed the "ancies" order of the knock."

Harry Green certainly gave advice to a tyro: "You've got to go as fast as you can, as long as you can, and then go just a bit faster still." That's all right for Green, who is credited with having ridden a 90 gear up Handcross Hill at evens, but it's wrong for others. Just have a little bit in the next hill, and keep your mouth shut. When it opens, go slower.

R. T. M.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liabilities. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

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Address.....

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THE MODERN WOMAN.

STARTING IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

The summer is the ideal time to make a start in photography, for the light during the long days is so good that even a person who has little experience will find it easy to do justice to herself and her camera.

The Grouping and Posing Art.

It is well worth while for all beginners to study the art of grouping and posing their sitters carefully, as a person who once gets into a bad habit of grouping, afterwards grows almost unable to see what position will tell.

When arranging a number of sitters, try to get their heads as close together as possible. This will prevent you from finding in your picture one complete central figure, surrounded by a collection of assorted legs and arms, which look more like the result of an explosion than anything else on earth.

Remember that hands and feet have a most annoying trick of looking very large in portraits, so make your sitters tuck them away, or they will occupy the whole foreground of the picture. Never take a person who is standing with his back to a strong light, or the face will "come out" black; on the other hand, do not stand him full face to the glaring sun, or he will certainly wrinkle up his eyes and assume an expression of acute anguish.

Holding the Camera Steady.

When you mean to take a snapshot, notice the direction in which your sitter is going, and focus in advance, so that, when he passes over the spot you have focused, you may be ready to take him.

A beginner often finds it very difficult to hold the camera steady. In order to practice doing this, put your camera into one side of the kitchen scales, and a glass or cup into the other side. Fill the cup gradually with water, till it weighs exactly as much as the camera. Then practice holding the cup in the same position that you would hold the camera, and try to keep it so still that not a ripple breaks the surface of the water. A few days' practice of this kind will improve the firmness of your hand in a wonderful way.

Double Exposure Annoyance.

Be most particular that you never touch more than the extreme edge of an unused plate with your fingers. If you hold it towards the centre, you will be sure to leave marks on it. Wrap up each plate in a separate piece of soft paper before you put it in your bag or box, in order to prevent it from being scratched.

Start from the very beginning to remove each plate from the camera, or to turn the film as soon as it is used. If you get into the habit of this, you are not likely ever to expose one plate or film twice.

It is most annoying to find that you have made a double exposure, for you always feel sure that the two spoiled pictures would have been perfect triumphs if you had not muddled them together.

AN IDEAL COSTUME FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL.

THE GODDESS IN THE CAR.

"For goodness sake, don't call me that!" snapped a woman, who is the most confirmed motor fiend I ever knew. "I don't want to look like a goddess when I'm out in my car—a good solid human being is far preferable."

The Concentrated, Quiet Look.

Yes, she always looked exceedingly nice, particularly when she was driving. There is something about driving a motor which tends to give people a peculiar expression—a sort of concentrated, quiet look, which is most becoming to a woman's face, and rather unusual on it. No doubt it comes from the inevitable steadying of the nerves, which must accompany any large amount of driving. If you are nervous and restless, given to straying looks and wandering thoughts, you will certainly ditch the car before you have gone very far.

Many doctors strongly recommend motoring for nervous and sleepless patients, but it is a curious fact that motor cycling is hardly ever advised, even though the patient may be a man. Why is it that the use of a motor cycle brings out every one of a man's worst passions, and transforms the pleasant individual of ordinary life into a raging fiend? He enjoys himself immensely, but the chief part of his enjoyment seems to lie in the fact that, sooner or later, he will use unprintable language to his machine, and make it his excuse for a fit of what old women call "the tantrums."

Advice to Engaged Girls.

I read, a while ago, a very sound piece of advice to engaged girls.

"Make your fiancé take you out as often as possible in the side car of his motor cycle," said the rider. "Then you will learn how he acts when he is really annoyed, and will never afterwards take the least notice of the little casual remarks he makes when he is finding fault with the dinner. His efforts on the latter occasion will neither surprise nor upset you, for, having heard the worst that he can do, you will be prepared for anything."

But, to come back to our goddess. There is no reason why a woman should not look her best in a car, provided that she dresses suitably for the circumstances. A great many people make the mistake of wearing their veils in the wrong way. A veil should not be dragged down fiercely over the brim of the hat, and tied in a hard bow under the chin, for this makes a severe line at each side of the face, which is very unbecoming.

Drape the veil over the hat, pin it to the brim all round, and then gather it quite softly under your chin. It is not intended to be a kind of anchor for the hat, which will hold it steady in a high wind; the pins do that, provided they are properly placed. The veil is only meant to keep the dust from your hair and hat-trimmings.

Valuable Skin Protection.

If you are making a trip of any length, you will find it wise, before starting, to rub a little skin cream into your face, dust over this with powder, and then tie on rather a thick gauze veil, which is again covered by the motor veil. The powder will not show, and will protect your skin wonderfully.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A few days before moving, you should visit the new house and make sure that it has been thoroughly scrubbed down. The outgoing tenant ought to do this, but it is quite likely that he may have neglected it, or that the place may have stood empty long enough to grow dirty again. Before the scrubbing is done, every chimney should be swept, and afterwards a fire should be lighted in each room, so that the house may be thoroughly dried and aired.

Never move on the quarter-day itself if you can avoid doing this, for removal firms are always so busy just at this time that they cannot give you proper attention. Fix the date of your move a week before or after the quarter, if possible.

Request to the Post Office.

If you are going to have anything in the way of mending or painting done to the furniture, let the pieces be taken from the old house to the shop, and kept there till the move is over. It would be a great pity to have freshly done-up things packed in a furniture van, where they might so easily be scratched or chipped.

Send your new address to the local post office, with a request that your letters may be forwarded. If you neglect to do this the postman will very likely continue putting them into the box at the empty house, where they may lie for days before they are discovered.

Don't be in too much of a hurry to put up your window curtains. They may look nice, but they will give your neighbours the impression that you are settled and ready to receive visits, when, as a matter of fact, you are so busy that you would far rather be left alone.

Recipes for Gooseberries.

SUNDAY PUDDING.

Take 1lb. stewed gooseberries.
Slices of stale bread.
¾ pint milk.
1 packet custard powder.
Sugar to taste.

Cut the bread into thin slices. Take off the crusts. Line a pudding basin with bread, fitting in the pieces very neatly, Fill the basin with stewed and sweetened fruit. Put a slice of bread on top, set a saucer over all, and put a weight on the saucer to press down the pudding. Set the basin aside for twelve hours. Then turn out the pudding carefully on a glass dish, cover it with thick custard, and serve cold.

GOOSEBERRY DISH.

Take—1lb. of stewed gooseberries.
½ pint of thick custard.

While the gooseberries are still hot from stewing, beat them through a wire sieve, so that they are reduced to a thick puree. Allow this to grow cold. Then stir it into the cold custard, and beat both well together. Serve in a glass dish, the surface of the dish being decorated with whipped cream or chopped almonds. There is no need to make the custard with egg. Powder custard is better, being more smooth and thick.

Suggestions for the Sleepless.

Many people suffer from insomnia during the hot weather. Perhaps these few hints may give them some help against their distressing complaint.

Have a box of biscuits near your bed, and eat one if you feel restless. A little meal of this kind is very and will often make you drop off to sleep at once.

If this does no good, get out of bed and wash your cold water, giving them a brisk rub with a to prevent any chance of a chill. This will quiet you in a wonderful way, so that you are ready to again quite quietly.

If the sleeplessness has continued for many nights may often cure it by having the position of your bed Perhaps you lay in a draught before, or the light strong on your eyes. If this has been the case, the will make you quite comfortable, and you will sleep very well indeed.

AN UP-TO-DATE HOUSE JACKET:
Can be made quite plainly or trimmed with bands of silk, as shown in illustration.

Hats for the Hot Weather.

Some people think that children should be allowed to run about headed during the hot weather. A this is quite a mistake. A not, as a rule, a sufficient of hair to shield him from the It is particularly important back of the neck should be and, for this reason, it is wise short-haired children wear bonnets, or wide hats with which come right down shoulders.

If you take a child for a long in the heat, it is a good plan a large green leaf, and put his hat to shield his head. A or dock leaf is the best thing

The Larder in Summer.

The larder shelves scrubbed down every day the summer, in order, to keep sweet and clean.

Put butter in a small basin and stand this inside a large which contains salt and water the butter will remain firm hottest day.

Put milk in a jug with a neck, stand it on a cover it with a piece dipped in cold water.

Hang meat up on a hook cover it with a muslin bag to the flies.

Examine soup, dripping every day, and boil them up fire if you think that they all inclined to turn sour.

Cure for Squeaking Boots.

Knives not in daily use should be well polished in a box of sawdust until required for use.

To cure squeaking boots stand the boots in linseed oil to just cover the soles. Leave them twenty-four hours. If not successful on the first give another, which will remove all sound.

To remove ink stains from brown boots of chloride of lime and water. Cover the and leave it for a couple of hours. Then water and polish with brown boot cream.

To clean white marble mix together two ounces of washing soda, one ounce of powdered pumice, and of finely powdered chalk. Make into a paste with and rub well into the marble. The stains will

Correspondent's Bureau.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

P.C.L. (Southampton).—An umpire should not consult another umpire merely because he is in doubt, but only when he has been prevented from getting a proper view of what happened. Except in the case of no-batting a bowler, an umpire who is in doubt must always answer an appeal in the negative.

A.J. (Leyton).—We don't agree with a good deal of what you say about Mr. C. B. Fry as England's captain. We think that it is now too late to criticise the appointment.

B.S. (Southport).—The wrestling contests at the Olympic Games are to be held under Graeco-Roman rules.

J.M. (Shepherds Bush).—"O-o-oh, lucky Jim!

B.M.W. (Morningside, Edinburgh).—Our own experience, compared with an Aberdonian, or at least a certain type of Aberdonian, a Levantine Jew bumboatman is a paragon of exotically honest, simple-minded, and open-handed sort of person.

P.O.F. (Limerick) asks whether we have ever tasted Irish whisky? Indeed, an' we have that, and liked it all the better for it had never paid duty.

MARK S. (Bradford).—A rough test for drinking water is to drop a grain or two of permanganate of potash into a tumblerful. If the mixture turns brown the water is certainly unfit to drink, but if it retains its pink colour it is probably all right.

W.W. (Newport).—A straw hat with a frock or morning coat is as much out of place as a silk hat with kilts. Captain Borden nearly fainted at the bare idea.

MISS N. H. (Chelmsford).—It is an old but mistaken idea that in Scotland if two persons go through a mock marriage ceremony, say, in amateur theatricals, they are legally married. To make an informal Scotch marriage valid there must be consent and intentions to be married on the part of both persons. Under the Scotch law marriage legitimises natural children; but what a question for a young lady to ask us!

CHARLIE (Stockport).—Wine decanters should be passed in the same direction as the sun, i.e., East to West. If the decanter has to be passed backwards, say, in order to help a lady, raise the decanter after you have done so, and make as if to describe a small circle before passing it on again—that is, if you like to keep up these old traditions, not to say superstitions.

PISCATOR (Westminster).—We haven't been there, but believe there is no place to beat Ballycotton, Ireland, for sea-fishing, more especially if you are after "whales." A friend of ours went there two years ago and landed a skate weighing an ounce or two over 482lbs. And with a rod and line, mind you.

F.P. (Leicester) asks how to rid his garden of snails. There are various ways, but a good one is to spread a little bran on the ground, covering with a few cabbage leaves. Snails are very fond of bran and will congregate about it in great numbers, when they may be destroyed by crushing them underfoot, or, if you do not wish to make a mess, by sprinkling them with a little lime or salt.

I.C.C. (Ramsgate).—The simplest way of disinfecting a room that has been occupied by a dog suffering from contagious or infectious disease, is to put a lighted stick of sulphur inside, shutting the door and sealing up all crevices. Instead of a stick of sulphur, flowers of sulphur may be used, a handful being thrown on red-hot coals placed on a shovel. Don't forget to disinfect his chain, collar, and any other fittings or accessories at the same time.

ABOUT TO BE MARRIED (Colney Hatch, beg pardon, Finchley).—In driving back from church, the bride should be on the bridegroom's left.

TWO CHUMS IN A FLAT (Maida Vale).—In washing-up, glass should be rinsed first in warm water and then in cold. Warm water is not essential, but glass that has been washed in warm water only always has a dull and cloudy appearance.

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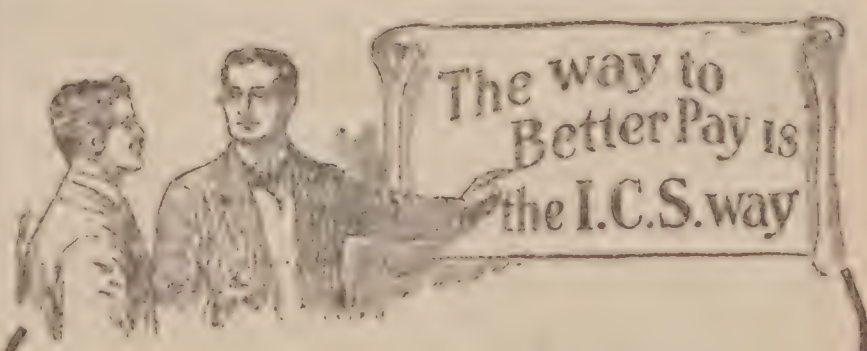
It never by any chance occurs to the forsaken one that she herself is the cause of her lover's defection, and yet this is quite often the case.

Most men have very keen eyes for defects in the woman they are thinking of marrying. They may be almost, or quite, in love with a girl, but a disagreeable little sidelight on her character, an exhibition of temper, or unkindness, or frivolity, will serve to absolutely put them off.

Most likely it was but a momentary phase, yet the poor little maid has to suffer as if she was always bad tempered, or snappish to her mother.

Yet another way in which many a might-be ardent lover is frightened away is by his sweetheart's too evident intention to accept him.



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FINANCE.

(In this section we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor, who will answer all queries to the best of his ability.—Editor.)

Now is the time to buy cheap stocks and shares. The fall has gone too far—as it generally does—and the shrewd investor is getting his opportunity.

Home Railways.—The "carry over" in this market showed that the weak "bull" element had been eliminated, and prices immediately rebounded one to three points from the lowest prices touched, and I fully expect to see the rise continued, notwithstanding the labour unrest.

The announcement just made that the South Eastern and Chatham Railway have decided to use the coal raised at Shakespeare Cliff, near Dover, for the locomotives, and that coal-raising "now goes on continuously" is of the utmost importance of this railway, as the cost of coal in the past must have been a very heavy item owing to the long distance the coal had to be carried. For this reason alone South Eastern Deferred, commonly called "Dover A," now quoted 64, and London, Chatham and Dover ordinary stock, now 20⅜, ought to be bought and held for much higher prices.

American Rails.—Prices in this market have not moved much during the week under review, as Wall Street evidently prefers to look on during the fight between Roosevelt and Taft; but operators who prefer this market to deal in ought in my opinion to buy when prices are dullish, especially copper stocks, which look like going much higher on the position of the metal.

Canadian Pacifics have resumed their upward movement after a break of ten points, and as the market is short of stock, such another break need not be feared for some time.

The figures on this railroad for the ten months of the financial year show the enormous increases of over $15,000,000 gross and over $5,000,000 net, and the present outlook promises still further increases; consequently a few weeks may see the price touch $300.

Grand Trunk stocks also started to move upward on "Contango" day, the Ordinary rising to 30⅛ and the Thirds to 58⅜. Both those stocks are real good to buy round about those prices, and although the settlement on Friday may cause some liquidation it will only be temporary.

The Oil Market still shows a fair "bull account," but there is no pressure to liquidate, and the slight set-back that has taken place in prices during the account affords the bargain-hunter an excellent chance.

My advice last week to buy Mexican Eagles, Standard of Mexico "A" and "B" and Galician Oil Trust still holds good, and the last named is the only Galician oil shares I care to recommend.

Most of the other Galicians seem to be anxious to amalgamate, which very likely means that individually they are short of working capital. If I am correct in my surmise, what has the Central Carpathian done with the £50,000 working capital which was anticipated by the prospectus issued only last July?

The Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company and the Central Carpathian are, it appears, to form the nucleus of the amalgamation, the capital of which is to be £4,000,000, and a working capital of £500,000 is to be guaranteed by German banking houses, and I trust the British investor will not relieve the Germans of the "baby." Much larger profits per ton are promised through the fact that the new combination will own large refineries; but the working capital will be found none too large if further shaft sinking is to be done on a big scale, as each shaft costs ten to fifteen thousand pounds before the oil zone is properly reached.

Mines as usual are dull.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

H.E. (Torquay).—The Company is thoroughly sound, and I think you should hold.

J.P. (Jarrow).—No 1 is a fair speculative purchase, but I do not advise either of the other.

S.W. (Ware).—The chances are greatly in favour of your being able to do better by waiting.

TRAVELLER (Reading).—Sorry, but I have been unable to obtain the information you desire. Why not apply to the secretary?

READER (Devizes).—Of your list I should select Nos. 1, 5, and 8 as the most suitable. On no account touch either Nos. 2 or 7.

W.B. (Ashford.—If you send a stamped addressed envelope I will forward what you require.

L.N. (Hastings).—I do not advise you throwing more money; you had better put up with present [illegible]

K.S. (Waterford).—Hold No. 2, average Nos. 1 and 3 sell others at cost or over.

SHAREHOLDER (Dundee).—I do not see any cause for anxiety, and think you had better hold.

SMITH (Dundee).—Margetts Tyre Shares are cheap and may jump up at any moment. The patents are all right, and are granted all over the world.

BROWN (Leeds).—Way Halim shares are a promising lock-up investment, and in my opinion are very cheap at the present price.

"X" (Glasgow).—Standard of Mexico A Shares at about 3s. 6d. are the best purchase for the small sum you have available.

PYE (Sheffild).—You cannot do wrong in Trunk Ordinary at present prices. I should not be surprised to see the price rise to par within the next three or four years, and there is not the slightest risk of any appreciable fall from the current quotation.

A GOLFER'S COW CHASE.

A good golf story is told about a well-known judge who was playing one day with a friend who was fond of making long drives. This man found a cow in the fairway, but, not daunted by the obstacle, drove his ball with all his force in the direction he wanted it to go.

The ball landed in the cow's mouth. Straightway the Judge's friend chased the cow. The startled animal turned tail and ran, still carrying the ball. Her pursuer began belabouring her with his club as the pair went over the links. Finally the cow, on reaching the green, dropped the ball. It landed in a good position and the golfer holed out in one stroke. The Judge followed in leisurely fashion and made it in eight strokes. Claiming the hole.

"But I made it in two!" exclaimed his friend.

"Two nothing," said the Judge. "You mean eight. I was watching you, and every time you hit the cow it was a stroke."

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THE MAKING OF A NAME: SEQUEL TO A RUSTIC'S GOING TO TOWN.

"I am going to make a name—and then ——" He gripped the girl's hands so that she winced, as he looked down into her eyes.

At that look in his the white lids fell and the shy colour stole into her face. She understood.

Then they would be married in the little church that nestled at the foot of the hill.

A faint tremulous smile quivered about her mouth, making her all the more desirable.

He hesitated. Why leave her? At that moment the making of a name was of less account than the making her his own.

Then the woman, whose love was hanging in the balance, turned the scale with the speech she ought not to have uttered.

"Yes, Joe; make it quickly, and come back to me."

He was normal again, and he kissed her, then turned and left her.

She watched him until the bend in the road hid him from her gaze, forgetting the old superstition that it is most unlucky to watch a loved one out of sight.

She did not doubt but that he would succeed—he was so clever.

Why, there wasn't another lad like him in all the country-side—her Joe was a genius.

The pity of it was that Joe held the same opinion.

He had decided to go to London; and, borne up by his own conceit, he went.

And the girl who loved him went on living in the rose and jasmine embowered cottage while he made a name.

"He'll have to work a sight harder than he did here," old Gaffer Cope told her. "It ain't the place for dreaming and idling, Lunnon ain't."

"Oh, Joe'll be all right—he says so in every letter."

And he kept on saying it for months and months, until only the girl who had watched him out of sight felt any interest in the doings of Joe Barton.

* * *

A man leaned over the wicket gate.

"Look here, Sue, Joe Barton's a good while making a name for himself, I'm thinking."

"Why can't you and me ——"

But she cut him short. "I didn't mean to tell anybody just yet; but see here, if Joe isn't making a name yet he's doing all right and making money."

And she drew out of her pocket a little gold locket and a gold ring, in which diamonds flashed in the sunlight.

To a select knot at the Pig and Whistle later: "Darned if I should have thought the chap was worth five bob a week."

"Oh, Lunnon's a fine place—a fine place for brains, and Joe Barton was main clever." This from Gaffer Cope.

"Truly, nothing succeeds so well as success.

"You'll be having a fine grand wedding one of these days, Sue," her neighbours said.

And Sue answered absently, "Yes," turning her ring round on her finger.

But Joe hadn't said anything about coming back to her.

And more months went by, and though several little registered packets came for Sue, nothing else happened.

"Mayhap Joe's waiting to be a millionaire," said Jim Smith nastily, "and Sue'll be an old woman before she knows it."

That evening he tried to court her again. But she repulsed him with scorn.

"I wouldn't have you, Jim Smith. Not if you and me was the last folks on earth."

"You'll be sorry you've refused an honest man, my girl," was his parting taunt.

* * *

"What are you watching for, Sue?"

"Why, Joe. He's written to say he's coming."

The girl's face was flushed to match the crimson roses tucked in at her throat, and the grey eyes shone like stars.

"Then he hasn't waited to make a name; leastways, we haven't heard it."

"No!" answered Sue to herself. She whispered "He says he'd rather have me."

But she waited that day in vain. And the next.

The next day there was a little knot of people round the village pump—it was the Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square of the district.

What were they all talking about? Sue, on her way home from market, stopped to listen.

Who did they say?

She pushed her way into the midst and faced Jim Smith with flashing eyes.

"Oh, it's him right enough. Here's his portrait," that worthy was saying. He saw the girl and added, "Why, your precious Joe that was to have come back to you the day before yesterday."

"He isn't dead? Tell me, he isn't dead?"

"No! he ain't dead, he's a bit famous," with a nasty laugh in which his cronies joined. "You've got a nice lad, Sue."

"Here, lass, here's the paper, read it yourself," put in a kindlier voice.

And Sue saw the staring head-line: "Smart Capture of Much Wanted Man," and underneath a portrait.

The portrait of the man she had watched out of sight.

Joe Barton had made a name!

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By the "OLD HAND."

At the time of writing the Derby presents a more complicated appearance than ever.

Pintadeau, whose great chance I referred to last week, has twice been stopped in his work, and Cylgad is reported to have fallen lame.

Regarding the King's colt, I am assured that he is so well forward in condition that a few days on the easy list is not likely to prove detrimental to him.

Sweet on his Chance.

Herbert Jones holds the opinion that his mount will go a lot too fast for the majority of the others, and is very sweet on his chance.

I shall be extremely sorry if, between the time of writing these lines and the time they get into the hands of my readers, Cylgad's injury proves bad enough to interfere with his chance on Wednesday. There is no doubt that when at his best Sir Ernest Cassel's colt is a real good one, and he is fully expected to go very close.

Unfortunately owing to mechanical arrangements, this paper has to go to press some time before it gets into the hands of the public, so that I am not in a position to post my readers as to the latest developments.

One thing I know is that the only horse connections of Sweeper II. feared was Cylgad, and those responsible for the latter could see no danger except in Persse's charge. My informant is one of the best known men on the turf, and knows what he is talking about.

Wootton Greatly Impressed.

I have recently learned that Wootton was very much impressed with the way Mordred beat The Story at Newmarket, and after the race expressed a wish that if not required for Lomond he would ride the horse in the Derby. Whether he will do so or not I do not know, but I should hardly think it likely if Jingling Geordie goes to the post, and I have no reason to doubt that he will.

Mordred has been backed each way for a good deal of money, and his connections do not admit having a fear of anything.

As usual just before a big race, all sorts of rumours are in the air as to what some unheard of candidate will do with the field, but for the life of me I cannot see anything in the race likely to beat the public horses, always excepting Javelin, for whom I have a sneaking regard.

No useful purpose would be served by going into the chance of every horse engaged, and I am going to stick to my original selection, and name

PINTADEAU

as the probable winner.

This week I am going to institute a little wire service for the benefit of my readers. I am induced to do this by one of my correspondents, who asks if I cannot let him know a horse worth backing each day.

Personally, I do not want to make anything out of the transaction, and I think you will agree that it would be almost impossible for me to do so out of the small amount I propose to charge; in fact, I rather doubt that if after paying the cost of telegraphing, the surplus will pay the booking expenses. For a P.O. value 1s. (one shilling) I will wire the best thing I know on any day suitable to the reader, or 5s. (five shillings) will cover the cost of a week's wires.

Not exactly a scheme I shall make a fortune out of, is it? Address all communications to "The Racing Editor," *Modern Man*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Selections for the Week.

I do not want readers to take the horses I name as my definite selection, rather as a first impression. All manner of things can happen between the time they are written and the race run, which have a bearing on this week's racing.

To-morrow the Egmont Plate should prove an interesting event, and may result in the victory of

POOR BOY,

who is due to win a race.

The Norbury Plate does not as a rule attract a big field, and there is no telling what is likely to run. If he goes, I should vote for

DEMOSTHENES

to win, and, failing him, Gog may repeat last year's victory.

The Epsom Plate may fall to

SPANISH PRINCE,

who was not ridden out in the Victoria Cup.

Wednesday.—Epsom Town Plate: RATH HURLEY.

Thursday.—Royal Stakes: BRAXTED.
Horton Selling Plate: ANDREW SMITH.
The Durdans Plate: THE STORY.

Friday.—Belmont Plate: BESS DEMDYKE.
Chipstead Plate: ORMUS.

Kempton, Saturday.—Windsor Castle Handicap: MAHSUD.

DIDN'T MENTION IT.

On one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmoreland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved, as he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the Foreign Office, and having learned that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before, was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation.

Lord Westmoreland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness: "God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you speak. I will send for it." Accordingly, the letter was brought to him, and, on reading it, he said to the stranger: "Ah! I thought so. There, sir, is the letter; but there is no mention of dinner in it," on which the gentleman rose and backed out of the room in confusion.

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STOCK TIES.

Some men make a hobby of ties, and have dozens and dozens of them, but the average man is content with half a dozen or so.

However, whether your ties be many or few, there are certain ties which you should always have in stock.

Among these is the bird's-eye blue tie. Tied in a bow and worn with a double collar and lounge suit this always looks smart and gentlemanly. Of course, you must not wear a bird's-eye or any kind of blue tie with a green, brown, or black coat—the combination is most inharmonious—but with a blue serge or grey lounge suit the bird's-eye blue bow is not to be beaten.

Then you want a black tie, preferably knitted, tying in a neat knot with fairly broad tails. This always looks well with a frock or morning coat and white vest slip, or with any dark lounge suit, while it does not look bad with light grey tweeds. Don't, however, wear a black tie with a flannel suit.

With a flannel suit the best wear is a narrow knitted tie, tied in a knot, colour depending on colour of suit. It should be plain and inconspicuous, for a "dressy" tie with flannels is a mistake.

Returning to tweeds, browns and greens or greenish greys being popular this year, you need a green tie and a brown one, either of which may be safely worn with browns or greens. Green, too, harmonises fairly well with light greys, but not with blues, while blue is also apt to make brown look rather dowdy.

These four ties will see you through anything, but for wear with frock or morning coat we may add a tie of French grey. This looks smart and dressy without being at all ostentatious.

Of course you must have white ties for evening dress, and a narrow black tie for wear with a dinner jacket only, no matter whether you are in mourning or not.

WATERPROOFING BOOTS AND SHOES.

There is a recipe, old but none the less valuable for that, for waterproofing boots and shoes. It may be especially useful just now when so many of you are thinking of camping out on bicycle, sporting, or walking tours.

Take: Linseed oil, one pint; oil of turpentine, a quarter of a pint; yellow wax, a quarter of a pound; Burgundy pitch, a quarter of a pound (any oilman will supply these materials). Melt together by means of gentle heat, and when melted pour into jam pots or tin boxes to keep.

When required for use, warm the composition, and rub well into the leather before a fire, or in a hot sun.

WASHING FLANNELS.

While holiday-making you may have to play the part of washerwoman. Here are some hints which should be useful.

In washing flannels you want nothing but soap and water. Make a soap jelly by dissolving small pieces of soap in boiling water, afterwards allowing it to settle. Add some of the jelly to the washing water, which should be warm, but not hot or boiling.

Scrub the garments in the soap and water, then rinse in several fresh waters, and hang out to dry at once, but not in a strong sun, or they will turn yellow. Flannel garments must not be wrung much.

The same directions apply to washing woollen garments and stockings, but not so much of the soap jelly is required. As before, they should be hung out to drip and dry immediately after washing.

CONCERNING LINENS.

Linen shirts, etc., should be washed with Sunlight soap in a pan or pail of lukewarm water, and left to soak over night.

Next day they should be washed again and rinsed, and then put to boil in a copper or kettle in which small pieces of soap have been placed.

They should be allowed to boil for about twenty minutes and then rinsed out in cold water already "blued" with Reckitt's Blue. When dry they should be damped and ironed if your resources will run to it.

If the linen is very dirty, a little soda may be added to the woollens.

OATINE JAR HOLDERS.

We have received from the proprietors of the Oatine preparations a specimen of a beautiful silver-plated jar-holder which they have recently introduced. The ordinary price of these is 4s. 6d. each, but the Oatine Company will send one to any of our readers who send a Postal Order for 1s., together with a coupon taken from a 1s. 3d. jar of Oatine Cream. Applications should be made to the Oatine Company, 79G, Oatine Buildings, Borough, London, S.E.

NO MORE BAGGY KNEES.

Price 5/9 Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post. 11 lbs. WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? We send per return on receipt P.O. or post-date cheque or M.O., our Handsom Polished Oak Simplex Trouser Presser and Stretcher, Nickel Plated Fittings, Powerful steel crossbars, length 2ft. 4ins. Take 4 pairs. Guaranteed 5 years. On 7 days' approval. Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free. SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager), 53, ECCLES ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

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It is well-known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes, so why not come to us for your Tailoring needs? If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. We always give satisfaction, because "Curzon" Suits are made by experts; because the fit is guaranteed; and because these suits are of a style and cut that stamp their wearers as "well-dressed."

ONE SILVER AND FOUR GOLD MEDAL AWARDS.

Send Postcard for FREE PATTERNS consisting of Tweeds, Serges, Flannels, Worsteds, &c. Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

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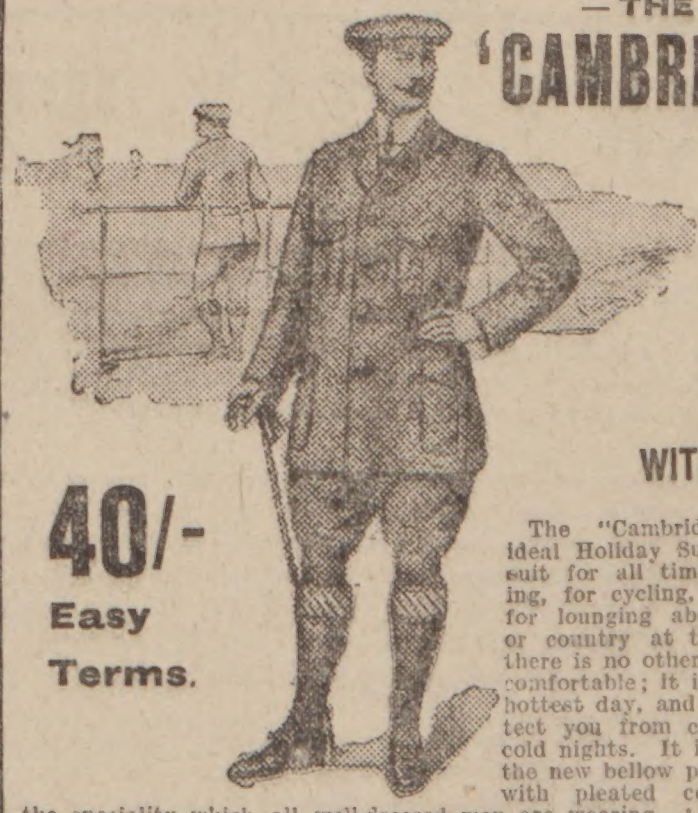
— THE —

'CAMBRIDGE' SUIT.



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The "Cambridge" is the ideal Holiday Suit. It is the suit for all times—for walking, for cycling, for boating, for lounging about in town or country at the week-end, there is no other suit just as comfortable; it is cool on the hottest day, and yet will protect you from chills on the cold nights. It is made with the new bellow patch pockets with pleated centres—it is the speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing.

There are two great advantages to buyers of this suit—it is ready for immediate dispatch—no waiting while it is being made—if you want a suit you want it now—and the other great advantage is you can buy from us privately by post and pay monthly privately. Send 5/- and give your height, chest measurements over the vest, and colour preferred, and 40/- "Cambridge" Suit is sent; you pay 5/- on delivery, and 5/- monthly. This extraordinary offer of this smart, fashionable suit on easy terms is to all readers of this paper.

Now that you can buy this class of suit on easy terms, there is no excuse for you to be otherwise than dressed in good style. The "Cambridge" suit is made in splendid hard-wearing cloths, in the up-to-date latest shades and mixtures, dark and light browns, greens, and dark check tweeds. Perfect cut, fit and finish throughout. Send 5/- with chest and height measurements and colour desired, and ask for the "Cambridge" Suit. Norfolk Suits 35/-, 4/6 monthly.

Patterns may be had on application Post Free

GENT'S BOOTS, 13/6 (2/6 monthly.) Boot booklet free.

MASTERS, Ltd., 85, Hope Stores, Rye, Eng.

Bid good-bye to your pains. Call and see me and I will demonstrate to you the marvellous powers of my Magneto Belt.

I have been asked why I offer to send my Magneto Belt to anyone on payment of 1/- only. My answer is that I want you to test the Belt for yourself, to put it to the severest test of all, to actually prove to your own satisfaction that it is what I claim for it before you purchase it right out. Now, if I knew any fairer or juster offer than this I would willingly make it. But this offer cannot remain open indefinitely. Thousands of readers of "Modern Man" have responded to it—probably thousands more are hesitating, and to those I say: Take the offer while it is open. Do not put off sending, but send 1/- to-day.

Mr. AMBROSE WILSON *the man who is doing so much to restore health, vigour, and strength to those who are weak, says:—*

I will send you my 5/- Magneto Belt for 1/-

It will make you strong, vigorous, and self-confident. From the moment you put it on you will feel the benefit of its life-giving power. It will give you a new lease of Life, it will renew your Energy, restore your Will Power, and give you an abundance of Vital Force.

DON'T STAY WEAK.

I know that I can make you strong, although you may now be depressed and lacking in vigour and confidence; you can be free from weakness and be the mental and physical equal of anyone of your age. The Vital Power which you need will be poured into your system by my Magneto Belt of Life. By the Laws of Nature you should be strong, active and healthy until you are eighty. If you are weak, nervous and debilitated, get new power, new life, new vigour into you by wearing a Magneto Belt.

I have never made any claim, or stated any fact, in connection with my Magneto Belts that has not been fully borne out by those who are actually wearing the Belts day after day. Remember that. It is a fact that you should not forget. It means that when I say my Belt gives relief from pain, that it builds up strength, vigour and vitality, every word is proved to be absolutely true by people who write to me and tell me of the good the Belt has done them. And remember also that these letters come to me entirely unsought for, and that I have never asked for any testimonial.

I INVITE EVERY MAN who is not in perfect health to try my Magneto Belt of Life. The price is not £5, but 5s. (five shillings), by easy payments. My Belt is sent on seven days' trial immediately on receipt of 1s. deposit. After you receive the Belt you pay me the balance of 4s., or at the rate of 1s. weekly, whilst actually wearing it.

MEDICAL MEN recognise Magnetism as a most effective curative power in cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Debility, Loss of Vital Nerve and Muscular Strength, Weak Back, Disordered Liver, Kidney Trouble, Indigestion, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Constipation, Dizziness, Lack of Energy, Melancholia, Sleeplessness, Loss of Will Power, Want of Self-Confidence, Lack of Mind Concentration, Involuntary Blushing, &c.

MY MAGNETO BELT has cured thousands of such cases; therefore I say to you—

If you are suffering from any of the ailments mentioned above, send me a Postal Order to-day, get your Belt at once, and bid good-bye to your pains.

More enthusiastic letters are pouring in from those who have found health and strength through wearing my Magneto Belt.

WHAT THE PUBLIC SAY ABOUT IT:

"I do not feel my rheumatics now, and I am much better in myself—a different man altogether from what I was before I wore your Magneto Belt," writes Mr. G. Matthews, of 210, Farm Street, near Summer Lane, Birmingham.

"I feel that your Magneto Belt has saved my life. I was very ill with pentherscitius, but thanks to your Belt I am getting on all right now. I feel quite well in myself, and I can eat and drink all right," writes Mrs. Knight, 4, Bantham Square, Blue Town, Sheerness.

"I went out last night and walked a distance of six miles without feeling the slightest touch of Rheumatism in my back. Before wearing your Belt I could not walk a mile without feeling intense pain," writes Mr. Frank Ball, of 904, Great Dublin Street, Barrow.

"Your Magneto Belt has acted like a charm on my nerves, and I am highly pleased with it," writes Mr. James Parker, of Hyde Park, Mallusk, Co. Antrim.

"I suffered from nerve weakness for a long time before I tried your Belt. I could not lift a sack of flour, but now I can take it in my arms like a baby and put it down gently. I have received the greatest possible benefit from your Belt," writes Mr. Gibbons, of 13, Fleet Street, Bilston, Staffs.

"Since I started wearing one of your Belts I have had better health these few weeks than I have had for nearly nine years previously," writes Mr. G. Raven, of 31, Sarah Ann's Terrace, St. Paul Street, Hull.

SPECIAL COUPON FOR READERS OF "MODERN MAN."

Send this Coupon to-day, with a postal order for 1/-, to **AMBROSE WILSON** (Dept. 19), Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., receive your Belt at once, and feel its marvellous powers pouring new strength into you day by day.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

The size of my waist is.....inches

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